The World on One Leg

ELLERY WALTER

THE WORLD ON ONE LEG

By ELLERY WALTER

This is no travelogue; this is the record of seven years in a boy's life—from fourteen to twenty-one—told by him at the age of twenty-two.

He was thrown on his own at the age of fourteen in Chicago, where the book starts. Appropriately, the first chapter is called: "Milk and Murder." The story travels swiftly, cuts its way through amazing adventures. His capture by Pancho Villa's bandits; logging in British Columbia; in Alaska being "a night watchman where there isn't any night" are some of the extraordinary events in his life.

At nineteen occurs what makes this book more than the history of an active boy. At this point, perhaps, begins the real spiritual growth of the boy, for in this period he loses his foot, he learns about life all over the world, he travels 45,000 miles, working his way—and earning it—on crutches. But that is not all. He has not only gone around the world on one leg. He has learned how to look at the world "on one leg."

"Here is the flaming spirit of youth trapped between the covers of a book."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"A gallant record of a youth's conquest of hardship."—*New York Sun.*

"His story is the very remarkable story of a very remarkable boy . . . all of Kipling's 'Sestina' rings through one's mind as one reads this youthful story of a modern tramp royal."—*New York Times.*

Ellery Walter

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By ELLERY WALTER

Illustrated

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THE WORLD ON ONE LEG

Copyright, 1928
by
Ellery Walter

Made in the United States of America

To

EARL DERR BIGGERS

AND THE LEGION OF FRIENDS

ON WHOSE SHOULDERS I HAVE RESTED

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CHAPTER I

MILK AND MURDER

DAD was a stockbroker in Philadelphia. He died of a lingering illness when I was ten. Mother struggled bravely against poverty until three years later when her life was snuffed out in an automobile accident.

Apparently deciding that I was not yet thoroughly disciplined, Fate took another whack at me just when I was going to graduate from college and lopped off my left leg near the knee.

I suppose I got confused. One does, when life rolls over one like a breaker on the seashore, noisy and powerful. I fled from Seattle, the scene of my latest tragedy; reached Honolulu; thence wound my way around the world, westward toward New York. The Big City accepted me, took me into its confidence—for a time. It bent its ear, so to speak, and listened while I recited my halting story which I

here record for the benefit of those who may have been tuned in on other more inspiring music.

One cold and wintry night, I began, some seven years ago, I sat in a little hall bedroom in a disreputable section of Chicago. My nose was flattened against the single dirty window as I gazed forlornly upon the cheap electric signboards that tattooed the night with "LUNCH" and "EAT HERE" as far down the street as I could see.

I was just turning fourteen; but an empty stomach made me feel years older. Only that morning, I had informed a properly awed youngster of ten: "Yes, son, your uncle first saw the milk bottle away back in the early part of the twentieth century." But all this was just whistling in the dark to keep a grip on my fast oozing courage. I knew I was only a kid trying to buck a big city by my lonesome.

I had landed in Chicago the day before with a total capital of one dollar and forty-seven cents. This was the balance of my patrimony which originated in Philadelphia a few years prior to the beginning of my tale. There we lived in a big, comfortable brownstone house in the northwest section of the city. My parents and two younger brothers and myself made up the family. My most vivid recollection of my father was his mania for

baseball games. As I was the eldest, he usually took me with him to the game on Saturday afternoons. This was the high light of the week for me. And I suspect it was for Dad, too. The moment he came into the door, I would grab my hat and coat, kiss Mother a hurried goodby, and stand ready to rush out with him the second he swallowed the last of his lunch.

Dad was a big man, over six feet and with broad shoulders to match his height. I can still see his tall figure swinging off the street car and plowing a way through the crowd. And I can still feel myself clinging to his coat-tails for fear of being lost among that vast throng of excited fans. Those were the days! The only carefree childhood days that I ever had.

After Father's death Mother worked in a library during the day, and spent her evenings in a night school studying real estate salesmanship. Grandmother Walter kept house for us. My only objection to Grandmother was that she *would* go to church on Sundays, and she *would* take me with her.

In the end I grew to dread those weekly expeditions to the Quaker Church a few blocks away. Not because of the church itself, but because of what I suffered en route. Washed and starched and ironed

within an inch of my life, I had to pass the front yard wherein swaggered Anjy, glorified tough of our respectable neighborhood. Anjy did not have to go to church. He did not even have to "dress up" for Sunday. He could play marbles, and wild Indian, and whoop and yell to his heart's content with apparently nobody to say him nay.

As I passed his domain, straggling along as far as I dared behind Grandma, Anjy would emerge from his stronghold and hiss in my direction such enjoyable remarks as this: "Well, if it ain't Percy, the little Prince of Wales!"

I would stop, glare, and start for my enemy. But at this interesting juncture, Grandmother never failed to turn around with a "Go away, you bad boy. Come along, Ellery, dear." And I would have to trail ignominiously behind her, praying for Monday and vengeance for my outraged manhood.

But this did not go on indefinitely. In less than a year after Father's death, Mother decided to move to Seattle where she had been told there was a good opening in real estate. It happened that at the time she came to this decision, I was in a sanitarium in Atlantic City recovering from an attack of flu. An offer of a job in a big real estate office made it necessary for her to go on to Seattle with the younger

boys at once. I was to follow as soon as I was strong enough to travel. Two weeks later, at the tender age of ten and a half, I boarded the train for my first coast-to-coast jaunt.

Then came Seattle, a little white house on a hill, my eleventh birthday and high school. As Mother had to go to her office every morning, I took charge of the kitchen. I served up some wonderful messes the first few weeks, but pretty soon got so I could perform some real tricks with the old frying pan and oven.

At the end of two years, Mother was nicely established in the real estate business, and it really looked as if the breaks were coming our way. But there were rocks ahead. During our second summer in Seattle, Mother was killed. My brothers and I were away camping in the mountains. Before we could get home, her body had been cremated and sent East for burial. Somehow it was a very cruel break for we were all very young.

Orders came from the family back east that we lads were to be parceled out among relatives. This was not exactly cheering news; but there was nothing we could do about it. I was fourteen, Alfred twelve, and Richard six. We hated to be separated, but we were too young to shift for ourselves. My

two kid brothers were packed off, one to Pittsburgh and one to Wheeling, while I was sent to Detroit to live with an uncle who turned out to be a bachelor of twenty-two. My guardian was busy with his work in the daytime, and with his friends in the evening. Young as I was, I could see that having me around cramped his style considerably.

I was lonely and homesick. But worse than loneliness and the homesickness was the feeling of being a dependent. I hated it. At the end of two long miserable weeks, with all the rashness of youth, I made up my mind to strike out on my own. My idea was to make my way gradually back to Seattle which was now home to me. Once I had proved that I could look out for myself I could send for the two younger boys and we would work things out together.

Of course, I knew that it would never do to go straight back to Seattle. First, I would have to throw my uncle and the others off the trail. I figured that this would be easy as nobody seemed very anxious for my company anyway.

One day I went down to the bank and drew out the few remaining dollars that had come to me after my Mother's effects had been sold. I planned to leave that night and to go as far away as the money would

take me. When evening came on, I bundled up my few belongings in a battered old suit case and tiptoed out of the boarding house in which I lived with my uncle. Like any very young fool, I was thrilled with the anticipation of seeing the world overnight. I had bought a pair of long trousers that fitted me like over-sized tires; but they made me feel grown-up and a man of the world.

Valise in hand, I sneaked down to the railway station and sat around for an hour or so, trying to decide where to go. In the meantime, I made up my mind to change my name to Fred Hasting. An alias added to my sense of adventure; besides, it might prove useful in eluding possible pursuit. From that night on for three years I was "Fred Hasting" to the world.

In the midst of these thrilling reflections, my eye was caught by a poster showing a picture of the maple sugar harvesting in Maine. Fate had spoken. I walked boldly up to the station agent's window and bought a ticket to Bangor. The man handed me back less than ten dollars, with instructions as to my journey.

Maine looked to me much like the State of Washington. Plenty of timber and few towns. I found a job and a clean, cheap boarding house and I lay low

in Bangor for three months. I was uneasy every moment of the time for fear that my relatives would discover me and ship me back to Detroit. No such luck! Later, I was to regret countless times that they hadn't found me.

Winter came on. My job gave out and my money began to run low. I decided to head for a big city where work would be plentiful. New York was too close to Philadelphia. Chicago struck me as a good point from which to start my trek back to Seattle; which brings us back to my hall bedroom on Chicago's West Side. The day before this story opens, I had stepped off a fast express at Union Station with one dollar and forty-seven cents in my pocket.

I had landed with an abundance of optimism, but my high spirits disappeared almost as fast as my money did. Forty cents went for lunch. As I hadn't eaten anything on the train I was half-starved. The rooming house landlady took my dollar. All that day I had looked for a job without success. Now, hungry and depressed, I sat at the window of my miserable room and looked out at the city I had come to conquer. Though I had only seven cents left, I had to eat. I decided to go out and see what I could do.

For some curious reason, I found my feet carrying

me back toward the old Union Station. Directly across the street from the station was a small restaurant run by a Frenchman. It was what is technically known as a "dirty spoon." One of those places with a row of stools facing a long greasy slab which affords a support for food and tattered elbows.

Crossing the street, I pulled open the door and walked boldly into the vegetable soup atmosphere of the "café." Once inside, I climbed up on the nearest stool and ordered a fifteen-cent dinner which included a cup of Java. At first, I wolfed my food down, but it suddenly occurred to me that this was bad policy. The faster I ate, the sooner I would have to explain the discrepancy between the seven cents in my pocket and the size of my dinner check. Perhaps they would send me to jail when they discovered I had ordered more food than I had money to pay for. At the moment, this did not seem such a dreadful prospect. Whatever its shortcomings as a place of residence, jail appealed to me as a spot where they fed you regularly and kept you warm. Still, none of the folks I knew had ever been in jail. . . .

I ate more and more slowly. Eventually I came to the bottom of my coffee cup and to the last crumb of my sinker. I looked up to see fate headed straight for me. A big red-faced man with a spotted

white apron tied about his capacious middle was shoving a check across the counter. Slowly I counted out my seven cents. I looked up again. The red-faced man's big hand was still lying open on the greasy counter. The strain was too much. I had meant to ask if I might wash dishes to pay for the rest of my meal. To my intense horror and disgust, I found myself gulping unsuccessfully to keep down the lumps which choked the words back into my throat.

The red-faced man put a hand on my shoulder.

"What's the matter, kid," he asked kindly.

"I can't pay you," I replied. "I just got seven cents."

"Forget it," he said. "Come on over here and tell me what's the trouble."

I followed him to a small table in the corner where we could talk quietly. As it was nearly ten o'clock, there were few customers about.

The red-faced man whose name was Louis turned out to be proprietor as well as chief cook and bottle washer. He sat down and lit a cigar. He did not say a word until I had blurted out my story. I can remember thinking that his head looked like a big, pale pumpkin floating in a cloud of smoke.

Louis turned out to be the first to befriend me

since I had run away. When I finished the history of my life, he returned my seven cents and gave me a five-dollar meal ticket "on account," together with the assurance that he would help me find a job. He suggested that I stay in his place that night until the milkman, an old pal of his, came along at two in the morning. Louis thought that the milkman might give me a job.

I fell asleep in a chair by the sheet-iron stove. I was awakened by a crash in the kitchen. The milkman had arrived on his early morning rounds. In the midst of the noise made by banging milk cans, I heard Louis urging the newcomer to take me on.

"How big is the kid?" demanded the milkman.

"Oh, big 'nough," parried the Frenchman.

"Could he handle one of these?"

"I call him. We see."

I was called and found that "one of these" was a five-gallon can full of milk. It took all my strength to shoulder it, but I pretended that it was easy. Tony, the milkman, hired me. He told me that my wages would consist of room and board. I later learned that the "room" meant what space I could salvage from the two box-like tenement rooms into which the milkman's family was herded.

This was the beginning of a strenuous experience.

Night after night, from a little past midnight until daybreak, I carried milk on the West Side. There were nights so cold that I thought my hands would freeze and drop off, nights when the hot stench of a "nickel flop" felt like a breath from heaven as I stepped carefully across the sprawling bodies of men who had paid five cents to sleep near a big hot stove in the back room of a cheap restaurant, or in some filthy pool hall. Even in sleep, the faces of these derelicts were hard and forbidding. They made me shudder.

Then Chi was about as it is now. The "Gold Coast" was booming, the "black and tan" places were wide open, and the beer barons and gambling men were terrorizing the town. There were not as many hi-jackers then as there are now, but there were enough of them to make things exciting.

Off Halstead Street, back of the old "Star and Garter" and the "Haymarket" burlesque shows, was our route. It was a tough district. Between rickety tenements, ugly and misshapen, which harbored the poverty-smitten offspring of every race in the world, our old white mare would crawl; then down past the huge brick gas-house. Finally, as dawn was breaking, we would make a wide swing and head back toward our starting point.

I said this district was tough. Let me give you just one incident in proof.

Early one morning, we passed the gas-house and were on our way uptown. We had driven through an alley turning into the wide thoroughfare of Van Buren Street and were halfway down the empty block headed towards the Owl Restaurant which was on the next corner. Directly across the street from us was a branch of the Merchants' Trust Company. Suddenly I heard the jangle of the bank's burglar alarm: Tony, the driver, heard it also, and pulled up to the curb. Nothing happened for a second. Then I couldn't believe my eyes: the sidewalk sort of opened up, and three men came shooting to the surface on an elevator like Jacks-in-a-box.

A high-powered touring car shot out from the shadows of the corner building across the way and the three men, one with a bag in his hand, jumped into the back seat. They had begun to pull away from the curb when we heard a siren shrieking its warning. Another moment, and a big blue car with two men hanging on the side bore down from behind at a terrific rate. The police were on the job.

"Duck, and make it fast," shouted Tony. And suiting the action to the word, he jumped off the seat and slid under the wagon. I followed suit.

Not a second too soon. There was a blaze, short jets of flame, and the whole night seemed alive. The bandits had opened up with a machine gun at the oncoming police. The attack was unexpected. With fifteen rounds of lead a second pouring at them, the cops didn't have a chance. The patrol car started to zigzag opposite us, then a grind of brakes, but too late. It crashed into the stone wall. The cop who had been standing on the right running board was hurled into the air and fell on the pavement twenty feet away.

Too scared to move a muscle, I lay there under our wagon and stared out. The bandits had disappeared. For the space of a dozen heartbeats I could hear nothing but a low moaning, and the hissing of boiling water from the cracked radiator. Then the whole neighborhood burst into life. There were excited shouts; windows were flung open; doors banged; and people came streaming out on the street in all kinds of rigs. But not before Tony and I had reached the side of the overturned car.

The other poor fellow who had been standing on the left running board was lying out in front where he had splashed against the wall. Willing hands lifted the car, while others pulled the wounded driver from under the shattered steering-gear. Someone

had thought to call an ambulance. In a few minutes it came, taking away the wounded man and the two dead ones.

Tony and I went back to our wagon. We were glad to get away. The whole thing had sickened me.

Next day we were questioned by detectives to find out if we could identify the crooks. But neither of us could. It had been too dark and everything had happened so quickly. That night the papers came out with the story under blazing headlines. The bank had been robbed of $20,000, two cops killed, a third mortally wounded, and, as yet, no trace of the bandits.

At the end of my first month in Chicago, I started working in an electrical school where I was soon earning twenty dollars a week. Part of the day was spent in classes, but most of it was given over to practical work. The first thing that I did when I drew a pay envelope, was to move from Tony's crowded flat to a cheap hallroom on the top floor of a wretched frame building on Van Buren Street.

Every week, I divided my wages into two equal parts. Half went for living expenses; the other half went into the fund that was to get me back to Seattle and started in school.

In a few months, I became thoroughly disgusted

with my sordid surroundings. I decided to move into a better neighborhood even if the increased expense cut down on my savings. I feared that if I continued to live in the squalor of my Van Buren Street lodgings I might find myself slipping into the lingo and ways of the rat-faced youths who slunk in and out of nearby alleys. So together with Art Henderson, my pal over at the electrical school, I moved into a decent place on the North Side. The rent was three times as much as I had been paying, but the increase in my self respect made the price a low one.

By spring, I had saved up nearly a hundred dollars. With the coming of milder weather I discovered a yearning to move. As time was of no consequence I decided to work my way down the Mississippi to New Orleans, into Mexico, and up through the southwest back to Seattle and home. When I told Art my plans he insisted that I stop for awhile in Mississippi with him. He lived down there on a farm with his grandparents and was ready to start home on his vacation.

About the first of April, we boarded the train for Hickory, Mississippi.

CHAPTER II

"GEE AND HAW!"

HICKORY turned out to be an isolated spot sweltering in the heat of the noonday sun. It was a ramshackle town of three hundred and fifty people cut off from the central railroad and almost completely surrounded by cypress swamps and sawmills. Sad-looking equine carcasses stood sleeping at the hitching posts that lined both sides of the main drag. A crowd of red-faced hicks lounged in the shade of the courthouse. A village drunk lay "embalmed" on the dusty steps of a butcher shop advertising a weekend sale of fresh pickled hams on a big porch placard.

The Richardson farm was fourteen miles up in the red clay hills beyond the village. Stripped to the waist it took me some hours of tough going over a deeply rutted road before I reached it. Apparently "Pop" and "Mom" Richardson, Art's grandparents, were as glad to see me as they were to see their prodigal grandson. It was good to enjoy such a welcome.

Although it was impressed upon me that I was a guest, I felt that it was only decent to earn my living by helping out with the farm work. As we arrived in planting time I had no difficulty in finding plenty to do.

It was a new country and a new sort of life to me. I shall never forget the shock I got when I first saw an ancient crone sitting in a chimney-corner pulling on a corncob pipe; nor the thrill of watching the darkies in the cotton patch swing their hoes in unison to the rhythm of a "cawn-fiel' song."

Work began at daybreak and ended at dusk. Amusements were simple and home-made. So scarce was excitement that everybody on our farm would stop to listen for an engineer's whistle at a nearby grade crossing. Each engineer had his own special brand of whistle. For example, Bill Sykes on Number Four used to give three short blasts followed by a long one that waked every hound dog for miles around. If a strange whistle went on the air when Number Four passed the crossing, everybody would ask everybody else, "Wonder what ails Bill that he ain't riding Four today?"

The principal diversions of a worldly nature were the weekly B. Y. P. U. meetings and buggy riding. Immediately after the big, mid-day dinner on

Sunday, every male, young or old, would hitch up and take the maid of his fancy for a ride. In the entire neighborhood the horse-and-buggy was the only means of polite transportation with the exception of a few saddle mules and the solitary flivver owned by the doctor who served the community. The doctor was thought of as nothing less than a plutocrat. However, there were a good many less elegant terms applied to him when his hiccoughing Ford forced a courting couple to scramble out of their buggy and hang on to the horse's head for dear life to keep the terrified beast from climbing the nearest tree or fence!

It was while domiciled at "Pop" Richardson's that I had my first attack of heart trouble. I was only sixteen and very much in love.

One of our neighbors had a pretty daughter of about my own age. I'll call her Eunice. Now I had no horse and buggy to take Eunice abroad on the Sabbath day, and there were plenty of other lads who possessed the proper vehicular equipment for playing Romeo to her Juliet. It was up to me to use my bean in overcoming the embarrassing handicap under which I had to accomplish my courting—if any. With all due modesty, I think I may say that I managed very neatly.

Of course I employed strategy. What lover doesn't? Every Sunday morning at the crack of dawn while the other fellows were still snoring, I would rise and hasten over to help Eunice's Dad milk the cows and slop the pigs. Naturally, I would be invited to stay for dinner. After dinner when Dad was too well-stuffed to argue, I would gently broach the subject of borrowing his ancient mare and rattletrap buggy for the afternoon. He was usually agreeable and shortly after dinner, Eunice and I would dash gaily off behind old "Doc."

No matter how late we were in getting back that night the old gentleman would always light his lantern and come out to the barn to help me unhitch. This was not a gesture of chaperonage so far as Eunice was concerned. His anxiety was entirely for the mare whom he was sure I had driven too hard. As Doc had never been known to make more than three knots an hour, her owner's mental suffering always seemed to me superfluous.

But don't think that all this time my rivals were sitting back sucking their thumbs while I had things my own way. Not on your daguerreotype! If it hadn't been for Sambo, a darky who worked with me in the corn field, I might have lost my life for Eunice's

sake. It happened all on a bright summer's day and it came about in this wise:

Sambo and I were planting corn down in the low ground. I was dropping the grains at intervals of thirty inches, while Sambo came along behind me propelling a little half shovel which scratched the dirt over my plantings. Suddenly I looked up and found myself facing a hard-boiled, young hill-billy who was half shot on "white lightning."

"Is your name Hasting?" he asked.

I admitted it.

"Did you take Eunice Williams to B. Y. P. U. meeting last night?"

I admitted this also.

"Well you damn' flat-footed Yankee!" he bellowed, his face getting redder and redder, "she's my gal! An' you got to stay away from her!"

I reminded him that if the fair lady would honor me by going to B. Y. P. U. meetings with me, it was her affair and not his. At this noble speech, he reached out and socked me. I immediately lost all interest in corn-planting and flew into the fight with a will. It wasn't long before we both were down in the dirt, first one and then the other on top. Finally, he started packing dirt in my mouth and nose to cut off my breath.

Sam came to my rescue. At an opportune moment, he brought a piece of an old plow handle down across the head of my husky opponent. My hill-billy rival never knew what had hit him. When he came to, he got up and stumbled out of the field muttering to himself that "them darn Yankees certainly could fight better'n they did in grandpop's time!"

But my victory was short-lived. Eunice got wind of the fight and with true feminine perversity, she promptly transferred her affections to the vanquished. The next Sunday, she went buggy riding with "Bud," my hill-billy rival, whose head was romantically swathed in bandages and smelled to high heaven of cheap cologne and Sloan's liniment.

I concluded that all women are incurably fickle and made a solemn vow to cast them out of my life forever. As I now was completely horseless and buggyless, I had no difficulty in beginning at once to keep this grim resolution.

Partly because the rush of planting was now over and partly because I craved to earn a little jack, I got a job with one of the peripatetic sawmills that buzzed in the hills above our farm. By getting up early in the morning and then in the evening working

a couple of hours after the sawmill whistle blew, I was still able to do my share of the farm chores.

In the course of my three months with the sawmill outfit, I was everything from take-off man to sawyer. I also tried my hand at "bull-whacking," hauling timbers out of the swamps. As the Mississippi swamps where the giant yellow pine grows won't bear the weight of a horse or mule the logs have to be dragged out by oxen. My oxen were named Buck and Muley. Muley was totally blind and Buck had had one eye knocked out by a careless nigger bull-whacker who in a fit of anger had hit the poor beast over the head with a light'ard knot.

I grew to be very fond of Muley and Buck.

But bull-whacking oxen ten hours a day is work, and when a bull-whacker gets a chance to drive mules with a load of lumber into the railroad, he welcomes the relief. I reveled in mule-skinning three and four span of mules and handling forty-foot lumber, with a sapling for a brake-pole and a fourteen-foot skin line for a whip.

"Do you think you'll ever get good at that?" a negro-skinner asked me one day as I cracked my skin line, making a noise like a pistol shot. I didn't say anything, but I practiced. One day a few weeks later this same nigger was hanging on to my sapling

brake pole for dear life, as we slid sideways down a road that clung to the side of a red clay hill. I called his attention to my accuracy as I picked a horsefly off the seat of his overalls. As I drew the line back for another cast, he cried:

"Lawdy, you'se good enuff, Boss, you'se good enuff!"

Not long afterward I had a chance to prove whether or not I was good enough. I was driving eight mules, two and two. The wheel mules were gigantic, stolid creatures on whose shoulders and flanks fell the burden of handling the heavy load of lumber. Ahead of them were two other spans of powerful pulling mules. Out in front were the lead mules, Sally and Big Boy, who never pulled a pound but who were necessary, nevertheless. They couldn't be reached with the skin line and they didn't like to be hauled around. But they obeyed every spoken command and they swung the lead chain at just the right time and held the wagon in the road by sheer intuition and leadership.

On the day I'm telling about, Sally and Big Boy stopped dead in their tracks and started to wheel around. "Whoa, Sally! Whoa, Big Boy!" I cried in an attempt to quiet them. I had never seen them act so strangely. The whole team was in a panic

and it was a full minute before I realized what had caused it. Up ahead, off the side of the road, I noticed the beargrass waving and presently out of the slime up onto the road came a giant cottonmouth moccasin, the deadly poison snake of the South.

I jumped down from the lumber into the road. There wasn't a stick or stone in sight, but I had my raw-hide whip. However, I soon discovered that fourteen feet of leather strap is an awkward thing to handle from the ground. Yet something had to be done. With all the strength in my shoulders I threw my whip. It struck the snake about eight or nine inches below his head and literally cracked him in two, nearly tearing his head from the body. Right away the mules quieted, but it took me half an hour to get them on the right side of the chain and in the traces once more.

One night after a hard day of bull-whacking in the swamp land of our farm I came into the barn and climbed up into the loft to throw down some feed to the tired oxen. It was dark and, except for the rain pounding on the shingles, there was no sound. Groping about in the gloom in search of the pitch-fork I discovered it by falling over the handle. I was about to plant the fork with a vicious jab into a large hump, when a voice bellowed:

"Hold 'er, Buddy!" and a gigantic figure rose out of the hay and shook itself with the thoroughness of a big dog.

"What you doing up here?" I growled, trying to sound as bass as possible.

"Catching a little sleep," explained the stranger mildly. "It's pretty wet and nasty outside. I didn't think you folks would mind me sleeping in your loft."

I had left my lantern at the foot of the ladder. All that I could see was the shadowy bulk of the man, but I liked his voice. In some curious way, I felt that here was a chap I could tie to and not go wrong. For four or five minutes we stood there in the dark and talked. He told me that his name was Russell O'Hearn, commonly known as "Hasty"; and that he was on his way to Mexico where fortunes were being made almost over night in the oil fields. It gave me a genuine thrill to realize that I had stumbled upon a practicing hobo, a real knight of the road, who had seen life as I yearned to see it.

We talked on and on while I fed the stock and milked the cows. I learned that Hasty had served as a machine gunner with the Rainbow Division at Vimy Ridge, where, as he expressed it, he had had a chip knocked off the corner of his forehead by a piece

of shrapnel. Later, when we went up to the house and into the lighted kitchen in search of supper, I could see for myself what had happened to him. When viewed from the left, his profile was almost classic. But when you looked at him full face, or from the right, you got a dreadful shock. The shrapnel had severed the muscles of his right eye, so that, even when he was gazing directly at you, his eye turned in toward his nose.

In build, Hasty was a powerful upstanding chap who topped my six feet by an inch or more. He had a thatch of unruly black hair and a devil-may-care twinkle in his good eye. I might also add that he had a way with the girls.

That night after we had gone up to my room, Hasty told me more of his adventures on the road. My blood quickened and the soles of my feet tingled as he talked of the freedom and fun that were his for the taking. Casually he mentioned Seattle and the Alaskan canneries as his objective.

"Did you say you plan to 'make' Seattle?" I asked, trying to hide my excitement.

"Yes," said Hasty. "Why?"

"Well, I've always sort of wanted to go to Seattle," I said.

"What for?" he wanted to know.

"Maybe because I've been there before," I said carelessly. I thought it better not to confide too much.

Hasty looked me over, his good eye twinkling merrily. "Say," he said, "you're just the pal I've been looking for. But it's a long walk, Buddy."

"You can't scare me," I said. "When do we start?"

"Do you mean it?"

"Sure. We'll start tomorrow. First, the oil fields and a million dollars and then—on to Seattle!"

Far into the night we planned and schemed. I washed my one good pair of overalls and dried them by the fire while we talked. I had some secret qualms about leaving "Pop" and "Mom" and the rest of the folks on the farm, but I comforted myself with the thought that they had known all along that I intended to stay only through the summer months. Also Art had already left on a job that kept him near the girl he hoped to marry.

The next morning after I had said goodby to Pop and Mom over a lump in my throat that felt like a turkey egg, we were off. Our equipment for the road was simple, to say the least. Each of us carried a knapsack. In addition, Hasty carried in his belt a small axe for chopping wood and I carried on my

waist a coil of rope probably with some idea that we might meet unscalable cliffs. As the country was like a table this idea proved abortive.

The first night out, we slept in a house which was under construction. As I had never before slept where I didn't belong I was appropriately thrilled by this, my initial experience as a hobo.

Down through Mississippi and on into the rice fields and canebrakes of Louisiana, we made our meandering way. Some nights we slept in barns; others we spent in straw stacks, or at the home of some kindly disposed farmer who would agree to swap supper and lodging in exchange for a little wood chopping. But we made only the stops necessary for eating and sleeping. In about two weeks, we were straining our eyes for our first glimpse of New Orleans. We arrived one bright March morning.

CHAPTER III

I LEARN MY ONIONS IN NEW ORLEANS

HASTY and I now hung about the levees and wharves of New Orleans looking for a berth to Vera Cruz. Meanwhile, we were eating regularly at one of the swankest hotels in the city. Our method was simple. We ate today by peeling tomorrow's vegetables. Our allotment usually consisted of one bushel of carrots, hard and dirty; two bushels of potatoes with arms and legs in addition to a generous quota of "eyes"; and one bushel of onions of particularly malicious nature. We took it day about at the onions. One day it would be Hasty's turn to cry into his vegetable tub, and the next day it would be mine.

Eventually we were offered a job on the "black gang" on a tramp running out to Cuba. We decided we'd take it in order to get a little experience so that we would stand a better chance of landing a job to Vera Cruz or Tampico. We signed on late

one night and sailed with the tide early the next morning on the S.S. *Curaçao*.

I was an oiler, Hasty a wiper. We had four hours on and eight hours off duty. The four hours spent in the engine and boiler rooms certainly made us wish we were back in New Orleans peeling onions.

We didn't see much of Cuba because we were manhandling cargo every waking hour that it was physically possible to keep on our feet. When we signed on for our return passage, we found that we were booked as stokers. We almost jumped the ship in Havana but as neither of us had ever before tried a hand at stoking, we thought we'd do it for the experience. It *was* an experience. Our job was shoveling coal into the fire boxes beneath giant boilers. The glare and the suffocating heat were almost unbearable. We worked stripped to the waist and drank quarts of water, yet we seemed to be always thirsty. The water seemed to ooze out through our pores faster than we sluiced it down. In fact, our pores got so much exercise on this trip that I think we could almost open and close them at will.

Four hours after we docked in New Orleans we had a chance to sign on again, this time to Tampico. But we had had enough of boiler rooms and stoke

holds and decided to go across Louisiana and on through eastern Texas to Brownsville on the Mexican border.

We hiked down the highways and hailed cars for rides. At night, we slept in the cane fields or under viaducts. One night when it was bitter cold we climbed into what felt like a warm haystack. Shortly after midnight we awoke shivering and shaking, wet through to the skin, and nearly perishing from the cold. At this late hour, we discovered that we had mistaken a rice straw stack for a haymow. The warmth which had felt so good at first had been a deceptive damp warmth which soon turned to a clammy cold that penetrated our very marrow.

We hiked to the nearest farmhouse and asked for permission to build a fire out of some pine knots which were lying in the yard. The rest of the night was spent behind the barn, taking our clothes off piece by piece and drying them.

The next morning we were off early down the highway, having sawed a cord of wood for our breakfast. About ten we were picked up by two men in a touring car. As we climbed into the back seat, one of the men said, "Please pass that axe up here in front, will you?" Hasty unbuckled the little hand axe he always carried at his waist and handed it over.

The stranger then turned to me and said, "Let me have that rope, too." As I undid the rope from my waist, I asked him jokingly if he thought we were hold-up men. He looked at me coldly as he replied:

"No, but the justice of the peace in the next town will be interested in talking to you!"

On arriving in Lake Charles, the next town, we were driven to the Court House and there learned the reason for all these strange maneuvers. Two nights prior to our advent in the vicinity, someone had run amuck and had put a whole family to death while they were asleep. We assured the judge that our axe had never even killed a snake and that we hadn't so much as heard of this ghastly murder. Finally, after admonishing us to forego the appearance of evil in the future, he let us go. We decided to keep off the highways after that.

The alternative was to "ride the rods." I had never bummed a ride on a train in my life; but to Hasty traveling the side door pullmans was an old story. We made our way to the top of a grade up which an express freight was shortly due to come. This was Hasty's idea—to catch the train, which ordinarily would be going forty or fifty miles an hour, slowed down to about twenty or thirty miles on a stiff climb.

At the first sound of the engine coughing up the grade, we lined up beside the track trying to look as innocent as a couple of babes in the wood. But in spite of our fine nonchalance, the fireman flashed a suspicious eye at the bulging knapsacks on our backs as he spat carelessly out of the cab window in our direction.

"My gosh, I'll never be able to latch on to that streak of greased lightning," I thought as a dozen cars sped by.

"Try for a gondola, Kid!" yelled Hasty above the roar that filled the cut. The next moment, he jumped for a flat car. The big bum had picked the only easy mark on the whole train!

The original plan had been for me to catch the car directly behind Hasty's. But in my nervousness, I let about five go by. I was galvanized into action by realizing that I was about to be left talking to myself in Louisiana while Hasty rode triumphantly on into Texas. I nerved myself for the leap. I hadn't the remotest idea what a gondola was; but as the tail end of the long freight hove in sight around the curve, I reached out and grabbed two hands full of box car.

I hung on for dear life, but at first I couldn't seem to get my feet free of the ground. Eventually, however, I found a foothold and clambered up the side

of the car to find myself on top of a swaying train. I lay flat on my face. I had two excellent reasons for taking this precaution: first, I didn't want a brakeman to lamp me; and, second, I couldn't stand upright.

Never shall I forget the envy that filled my soul as I glanced timidly up toward the head of the train and saw Hasty swaggering down the top of that flying freight as if he owned the works. When he reached me, he said, "Climb down the hatch, Kid, before the brakeman spots you."

I managed to claw open the ventilator. Then hanging full length, I let go and dropped into the dark interior. Immediately I began to shiver. Hasty dropped down beside me. He began to shiver. In a few moments our teeth were chattering and our bones were shaking. We had landed in a refrigerator car!

We piled up some crates of oranges and climbed out of that place. In the next car forward we had better luck as we found ourselves in an empty. We settled down for the night and pretty soon were fast asleep on the floor.

Some time during the night I was awakened by hands running lightly over my body. I came to with a start and dimly saw a figure bending over

Hasty going through his pockets. I was on the point of calling my pal when he awoke of his own accord. He was enraged to discover that somebody was trying to rob him. He hit the thief in the face and the man hit back. I was just about to jump in and take a part in the fight when I saw that Hasty was holding up his end. Grabbing the man by the neck, he went to the open door of the car and threw him out into the swamp. The train was traveling somewhere between forty and fifty miles an hour and as the fellow hit the gravel embankment, he spun round and round and splashed into the swamp. I never will forget the picture he made plunging headlong into that muck. As Louisiana swamps are the last stand of the American alligator and are also chuck full of cottonmouth moccasins, I didn't envy our fellow traveler the chance he had of coming out of that hole alive.

Some time in the night we changed engines and the brakeman discovered us. He gave us our choice of being kicked off or of forking over a dollar apiece. When we refused to accept either of these alternatives, he said that the fireman who was just coming on was a friend of his and might let us fire. Hasty and I both thought this would be a great experience, so we accepted the offer. As we climbed up into

the engine cab we were met by the toughest Irishman on the Southern Railroad.

When it came his turn to relieve me, Hasty's bad eye went through its strange phenomenon. (I always suspected him of complicity in this apparently involuntary action.) Anyway, he couldn't see without turning his head clear around which made it impossible for him to hit the fire box. So all through the night it was my job to keep the pressure in the boiler at 260 lbs. per square inch as that express freight roared its way through the night. The engineer, Hasty and the fireman were mostly interested spectators.

The next morning at a water tank in a backwater bayou Hasty and I climbed down from the cab of the engine. I was worn and tired but Hasty patronizingly assured me that he never felt better in his life. No wonder. While I was sweating off ten pounds doing double duty at the shovel, he was enjoying a pleasant nap in the warm cab.

We started out for the nearest town. On our way to the road several hundred yards distant through the swamp, we came to a body of water ten or twelve feet across. Hasty went around it, but I thought I would be very smart and make it in two jumps as there was a log floating in the middle.

Brushing aside the Spanish moss that hung in my way, I made my take-off from a pair of cypress knees while Hasty watched, hoping audibly that I would get wet. In the gloom of the swamp the log looked wide enough to hold me. I jumped and landed square on the middle of it. Before I could make the second jump, the log sank out of sight and I went down with it. I floundered through the water and just as I made the opposite bank I heard a sharp metallic click behind me. Hasty yelled:

"Look out, Buddy!"

"What's the rush?" I cried, still scrambling up the bank. Then I felt a tremendous pull at the leg of my overalls. I looked back and found that the "log" was a seven-foot alligator. The beast was following and had made two vicious snaps at me, the second one tearing my overalls. By this time Hasty was in a panic and had reached the spot where I was climbing out. He had a big pitch knot in his hand and with this he hit the alligator between the eyes. My sympathies were really with the alligator for he was only giving me retribution for planting two hob-nailed boots in the middle of his back. Nevertheless, I should not have cared to leave my right foot in his mouth as a token of my regard.

The blow that Hasty dealt the 'gator seemed to

take all the fight out of him and he slid back off into the water and disappeared from sight.

After we had hiked about five minutes without saying anything, Hasty observed, "That was a close call, Buddy."

Before we got to the road, Hasty had a close call himself. He came within two feet of stepping on a puff adder. The snake was on his blind side and he didn't see it. Yelling at him to stop, I killed the adder just as it was about to strike. It had reared its head and puffed its jaws and was coiled. One more step and Hasty would have been on it. As he had no protection on his legs except loose overall trousers, the result would have been fatal.

After these two narrow escapes our spirits were somewhat dampened, but we eventually made the road and got a ride into Orange, Texas. From Orange we went to Brownsville, our next port of call en route to Tampico.

CHAPTER IV

WE TAKE A CARVING LESSON

ACROSS the Rio Grande from Brownsville, spread out on top of a sun-baked hill, lies the ancient Mexican town of Matamoros. It was mid-afternoon when we hit Brownsville, but I wanted to start out at once for Matamoros. Hasty tried to argue me into waiting until morning when it would be cooler. But I couldn't wait. To me, that dingy city across the river spelled Mexico and adventure. Maybe tarantulas! Even señoritas!

"All right, Buddy," Hasty finally agreed to my urging. "Just over and back. No sight-seeing until tomorrow."

Poor old Hasty! He didn't dream that when he stepped on Mexican soil he would put his foot in it in more ways than one. Perhaps it was just as well that neither of us could foresee the strange events that were to be crowded into the few hours that intervened before we were to return that night to the

safety of Brownsville and the protecting barracks of Fort Brown.

No sooner had Hasty agreed to the pilgrimage than we started down the gangway to the float from which a Mexican oarsman rowed us across for five cents. On landing at a similar float on the other side, we went through the customs and were looked over by a corporal of the Mexican army. A black cigarette hung from one corner of his mouth; his blouse was unbuttoned and as he lolled against a wooden upright on the gangway, he looked anything but military. Nodding a "Bueno, Señores," he let us by.

We climbed into a burro-car, the local version of a street car, and headed for the heart of the city.

As it was the siesta hour the streets were almost deserted. A dirty strip of broken paving seemed to cling to the base of the adobe houses—houses with bars on all the first floor openings, their bareness broken only by little balconies protruding from the second floor windows. Flies buzzed above the gutters that served as the only sewage system in the city. The street itself was indescribably filthy. A sight at once sordid and fascinating.

We rounded a corner and came upon a shack with a sign in front reading:

"Let's get off here, Buddy." And suiting the action to the word, he jumped from the car just as it was passing the Bolivar Café.

"The place is closed until evening, Hasty, we'll have to wait until later." I was interrupted by a "Psst," "Psst." Looking up, I saw a woman's face at a barred window some twenty odd feet from the sidewalk.

"Señor Hasty—it is Teresita."

"Well, I'll be jiggered if it isn't Teresita of Nuevo Laredo!" blurted Hasty.

"Do you know her?" I asked.

"Know her? I'll say I do! She was a chulo (dancer) at the 'Toro.'"

The face had disappeared. In a moment we were inside. My first cantina. I looked about while Hasty talked to Teresita. The room was large, a bar clear across one end. A raised platform with music stands and cane chairs in utter disorder, tables

around the sides. Sawdust on the floor added to the bizarre surroundings. It was dark and curtains at all the windows and the two doorways added to the depressing effect. The place smelled vilely and I wanted to get out. Teresita was the usual perfumed adventuress, small and brown and affectedly languid.

I suggested we come back later when the place opened.

"But it doesn't open until ten o'clock," whispered Hasty out of the corner of his mouth. "Besides Teresita says we must not stay long. She is being watched. She is in disfavor with a lover and being insanely jealous he will let her see no one alone."

"That being the case, I guess we'd better mosey along," I replied.

"Señor Hasty, maybe your friend would like to meet Bonita." This from Teresita. "She is very beautiful."

I started to speak but Hasty said: "All right. At the entrance to Fort Brown before sundown. We must hurry, Buddy, it's after four and if we want to see any of Matamoros and get back to Brownsville, we'll have to hustle."

Outside in the sunshine I felt a little safer but I had a feeling we were being watched.

"I don't like that place," I told Hasty. "It's

too dirty and I kept expecting someone to jump from behind those curtains any minute."

"You weren't so far wrong, Buddy," grunted Hasty, "that's a tough dive but it's typically Mexican."

At six o'clock we were at the gates of Fort Brown.

"The reason I told her to come here is that we are safer on this side," Hasty explained.

In a few minutes Teresita and her friend came by pretending not to know us. Just as they were opposite the gate, Teresita dropped her handkerchief. I stooped to pick it up. Feeling a bit of paper inside, I said nothing but returned the handkerchief after first palming the note.

"Oh! Muchas gracias, Señor." And they were gone.

Hasty had maintained a discreet silence. As soon as we could, without obvious hurrying, we went into the Fort to the barracks where we were bunking. The Irish mess sergeant with the outfit was an old pal of Hasty's. We owed our bunks and beans to him.

"What's the plot, Buddy?" asked Hasty as soon as we were safe inside.

"This note may tell us," I replied.

Hasty looked over my shoulder as I unfolded it. I was right. We had been watched as we left the

Bolivar. Teresita had barely managed to get away with Bonita. She was terrified at the thought of returning and wanted Hasty and me to follow her and Bonita back in case we were needed.

"Well," said Hasty, scratching his head, "I guess there is only one thing to do then. We got the señoritas into trouble; we've got to get them out."

"Just how we are to serve the fair ones is beyond my simple power to see," I replied. "But lead on, MacDuff. I'm behind you. Just how far depends on circumstances."

Getting into the rowboat just ahead of us were the girls. Not to make it too obvious we waited and took the next boat over. As our boat neared the Mexican side, the girls set off in a return boat.

"Well, I'll be damned," Hasty exclaimed, thoroughly mystified.

"Turn back," I said to the oarsman.

"No, Señor, no turn back."

"Yes, you will and hurry it up, too," I replied.

"Current too strong, Señor."

This was no time for palavering. Snatching the oars from him, I wheeled the boat about in midstream and started for the American shore. It began to look as though this was an international boat race.

"It means a peso to you to keep quiet," Hasty told the greaser. The bribe worked, and I pulled back to the float from which we had started. In a few minutes, the other ferry landed the girls.

"You must wait a bit," Teresita said hurriedly, as she and her friend went up the gangway.

"She probably saw somebody she didn't want to see on that other float," Hasty explained to me.

I turned and looked across the river. The benches on the opposite shore had the usual loafers and soldiers sprawled on them. Nothing very treacherous looking, but then I was new to Mexico. This I was soon to learn.

We gave the ladies to understand that we would see them safely home. We did, trailing from a discreet distance until the door of the cantina swung to behind them.

Drawing a double sigh of relief, we turned our faces toward the burro-car line where we were to take a car back to the Rio Grande landing. We had walked about two blocks from the cantina when Hasty suddenly stopped and said: "I don't like the looks of this street."

I looked ahead of us where two or three blocks away the car tracks lay. I could see nothing extraordinary about the street except that there were

more than the usual number of alleys or little passageways between the houses.

The street was unlighted and except for broken bottles and cans scattered in the gutter, it was deserted. Just as I turned to Hasty to tell him not to be so suspicious, a fellow seemed to rise up out of the ground in front of us. He had apparently come from an opening in between two houses directly on our left.

Calling us a vile name, he stooped to his boot to draw his stiletto. Before his hand touched his knife, Hasty hit him, knocking him to his knees. "Now you *have* done it!" I cried.

I was all for leaving those parts pronto, but Hasty said we would have to stay and fight it out. He was right, for directly behind us were four greasers, each with a stiletto in his hand, and each trying to get the others to advance first. They were cowards at heart, or they would have killed us then and there. Hasty whispered: "Back up against me, Buddy, so the dirty greasers can't get in between us."

It was my first experience with knife-fighting and I was mighty nervous. We waited for them standing back to back, with just a bit of the wall of the corner house in between us. I don't know exactly

when Hasty's two attackers reached him, but I didn't wait long before one of my pair came for me with his stiletto pointed straight for my throat. I ducked, but not quickly enough to miss a nasty slash on my chin. With the sting of the knife in my flesh, all nervousness left me. I was fighting mad.

As he straightened himself for a second thrust, I hit the fellow full in the face with my fist. Hasty had the only weapon on our side—the stiletto he had picked up when he knocked down our first assailant. Grabbing the knife hand of the fellow who had come for me, I whirled him around and pushed his arm up his back until it cracked. Something gave way and he fell.

Stepping away from the wall to reach him had been my undoing, however, for it gave the second liver-hearted Mexican a chance to get behind me. No sooner had I let go of the wrist of the man who was down than I felt a knife just above my belt in the small of my back. I thought I was done for. Turning, I swung for my assailant's face, then reached for his throat. As we fell to the ground, I could feel his jugular pounding beneath my fingers. All I remember after that was choking him with one hand and holding his knife wrist with the other. Presently he stopped struggling. Then I fainted.

When I came to, I was conscious only of the terrible pain in my back, and of somebody bending over me. It was Hasty.

"Are you all right, Kid?" he was saying. "You sure put up a damn' good fight!"

Such praise from Hasty almost knocked me out again. He told me that just as I had fainted, he had wrested the knife away from his second greaser and had stabbed him with it. Then he had carried me away. We were now only a few hundred yards from the scene of action. Four of the five fellows that had attacked us were on the ground unconscious, and the fifth, the apparent leader of the gang, was sitting holding his head in his hand. While I was glad that the enemy's casualties had outnumbered ours, I felt pretty sick. Hasty had only a scratch on his right forearm where one of the stilettos had nicked him.

"How long have I been out, Hasty?"

"Only a few minutes, Kid. But I think you finished that second bandit. We'll have to lie low for a long time because if we were found out, we'd rot in some hell-hole of a jail before they'd let us out."

It was now quite dark and we made our way to the Rio Grande where we swam across. The filthy

water made my wounds burn and smart. I nearly fainted several times but Hasty was so game I hated to show the white feather and kept awake until we got into Fort Brown. Here, our old friend, the Irish mess sergeant, gave us first aid. I was laid up four days with infection in the wound in my back and was only able to get around slowly. Today, I have a scar I can put a spoon in, where that knife-juggling bandit nearly got me for good.

CHAPTER V

AFOOT ON BURRO BACK

NEEDLESS to say, our little carving party in Matamoros put something of a damper on our trip to the Tampico oil fields. But only temporarily. Two weeks after our encounter with the thugs, we were both rearing to be off.

Hasty was anxious to find his brother; I craved to sprinkle a little salt on the tail feathers of adventure!

At this time, the United States government maintained an outpost at Tampico to protect American oil interests. Supplies were regularly sent down by army truck from Fort Brown. We had no passports and mighty little cash, so through the good offices of our old friend, the Irish mess sergeant, we arranged to make the trip to Tampico as guests of the government.

Of course we wouldn't be allowed to stow away in the truck at Fort Brown. The sergeant explained that we would have to hike five or ten miles down the road and allow ourselves to be picked up. On the

night before the truck was scheduled to leave for Tampico, we struck out in the brilliant moonlight. It was ten o'clock when we started. At one, we called a halt and turned in to wait for morning and the truck. Hasty dropped off as soon as his head hit the ground, but I was so excited over the prospect of more adventures a là Mexico that I couldn't sleep a wink.

If we were to take our experiences in the border town of Matamoros as a criterion, the very least that we could expect in Tampico, six hundred miles to the south, would be a combination earthquake and cyclone with a couple of full-grown revolutions thrown in for good measure.

Just before dawn, the truck came tearing down the road. I waved her down, meanwhile kicking Hasty into a state of semi-consciousness. As the driver stopped for us, he warned us that we would have to keep out of sight every time we hit a town. This was because we had no passports. He had already been officially inspected and had his papers, so we expected no trouble.

Sure enough the trip down the coast was uneventful. Every time we approached a village, Hasty and I would dive under the tarpaulin stretched over the truck's cargo and hide there until we were out of the

city limits. When we camped, I made myself handy with the skillet, so all in all, we were welcome guests.

After four days of hard riding, we landed in Tampico.

I shall never forget the thrill I had as I crossed my first pipe-line trench. Then came derricks everywhere, as far as the eye could see. On one side, a pumping station with a row of uniform concrete dwellings at one end.

As soon as we made our adios to our friend, the truck driver, who had put us off on the edge of town, Hasty and I set out to look for a job. Instead of the large wages we had anticipated, we found the fields flooded with labor. Nevertheless, we were hell-bent on staying in Tampico.

Toward evening, we dropped into a cantina. With the scars from my Matamoros adventure still tender to the touch, I was relieved to see no ladies around. One glimpse of a Teresita or a Bonita, and I would have dragged Hasty out if I had first to slug him into unconsciousness!

We sat at a corner table nearly hacked away by the inevitable vanity of carved initials. There were three Mexicans at the bar. The only other table was occupied by a surly half-breed. The waiter took our order.

"What about work in the field?" Hasty asked him.

"Nothin', Señor, nothin'," he shrugged.

"No room for an experienced gauger?" Hasty persisted.

"Ah, that foreman over there can tell you." And the waiter indicated the glum spig at the other table.

Hasty got up, crossed the room, and addressed the half-breed in Spanish. Hasty's knowledge of his lingo caught his interest. Hasty pressed his advantage, and in ten minutes we were buying a round of mescale to celebrate the acquisition of a job apiece.

Because of his knowledge of Spanish and his previous experience in the oil fields, Hasty soon became a pipe-line foreman. I started out as a "rough-neck" which, being freely translated, means the lowest form of all laboring life. In about three weeks, however, I became wet nurse to a derrick. No Mexican general was ever prouder of his mail order saddle and spurs than I was of this dizzy promotion.

At first, the drilling fascinated me. I loved to watch a black pool of oil with a beautiful, many-colored bubble forming in the middle, bursting and leaving an iridescent ring. Then another bubble, identical in shape and coloring, forming and breaking

right behind it. But after three months of the same thing, day after day, I was heartily tired of it all.

Always it was the same old story: First, the brush cleared away from the derrick. Then spigs digging lazily at a sumphole. The engineer with a shelter by his donkey engine—a few boards and a bit of canvas to keep the blistering sun off his hammock. Far above it all, myself leaning sleepily against the headache post high in the derrick. A poor devil dropping into an oil seepage and being boiled alive before they could fish him out. And always the waiting buzzards circling overhead.

Meanwhile, Hasty was spending most of his evenings at the Louisan café drinking mescale and grenadine. One night he joined a free for all fight. When it was all over, he found that he had assisted a detachment of Villa's men in putting to flight a bunch of Federalists. The bandits showed their appreciation of Hasty's prowess by offering him a berth as machine gunner with the Villa outfit. Hasty agreed on condition that they make his "buddy," whom he described as a fighting wild cat, at least a top sergeant in their army. Under the influence of the mescale and their recent victory, they promised to give me the job sight unseen.

But when Hasty came home at three in the morning with a bloody nose and the glad news of the proud distinction that awaited me, I declined the honor. Hasty was disgusted. In his quaint phrase, he had "a bellyful of Mexico" anyhow and was ready to be on the move again.

Three days later, we headed for the north and the Border. We had little money when we arrived; we had even less when we left.

The second day out of Tampico, I traded an extra pair of shoes I had been carrying for a pair of anemic burros. Hasty, as usual, was generous.

"You take the biggest, Buddy," he said grandly. "After all, they were your shoes."

There wasn't much choice, but I conscientiously appropriated what I *hoped* was the larger animal. The big trick was to get mounted. We figured out that the best maneuver was to approach our steeds from the rear, advance stealthily until we were amidships and then sit down suddenly before the little devils could move out from under us. This scheme worked.

Once in a sitting position, we drew our knees well up to our chins, pressed our shins into the depressions between the ribs of the miserable little beasts, and hung on for dear life. If we unfolded

our cramped legs even for a moment, we found ourselves left standing in the middle of the trail while our mounts moved leisurely ahead of us. It was my first experience at being afoot on burro back.

At night, we would tether one burro and let the other roam. The tethered one never got enough to eat from the sparse mesquite, but we knew that if we let them both loose they would run as far back south as their weary little legs would carry them.

At every village, we heard that Villa's activities were on the increase. This news left us undaunted, however, as we felt that we were on the inside track with Villa. What we were really afraid of was diamond-backed rattlers and getting lost. There are thousands of these deadly rattlers in the sandy country of Mexico and a Mexican road can peter out while you are looking at it.

It happened, however, that we escaped trouble from both these sources. Our bad luck was handed out to us in large hunks by a Mexican ranger who stopped us when we were about two hundred miles south of the Border and demanded our passports. Of course not having any, we couldn't accommodate him. We knew that we were not supposed to be more than forty miles below the Line without our passports, so it was up to us to put up a bluff.

"Pretend you don't understand Spanish," Hasty said in English.

Whereupon we proceeded to dismount and give an imitation of a couple of harmless gringoes who thought they were about to be searched for weapons. We all but turned ourselves inside out and offered in good faith and our best pantomime to take off our shirts. We were perfectly safe in doing this as we never carried weapons, knowing full well that the penalty for so doing would probably mean spending the rest of our days in a hell-hole of a Mexican jail.

As the ranger swore at us I remembered the jail we had seen in the last village we had passed. It stood on the hottest spot in town. Built of white-washed adobe, it was about fifteen or twenty feet high. It had a stout oak door with a tiny grill for a peek-hole, but it had no windows and no roof. The sun beat down mercilessly and the place was alive with centipedes and tarantulas.

"It means prison, if he takes us in," I reminded Hasty.

"I know it, Kid, but he has the drop on us."

"Let's run for it," I suggested.

"Where?"

"Anywhere. I would rather be shot than to go

Pancho Villa, Mexico's Most Colorful Bandit, Just After the Author's Capture.

The Calm that Followed the Fight Between the Giants of the Deep.

back to that last jail we saw. Come on, Hasty, are you game?"

We were talking in English all the time so the Mexican didn't understand us. At this point, he got down off his horse and letting the reins drop over its head to the ground, came to where we were standing with our hands up. While he was carefully "frisking" us, I spotted a coulee off to the left. I thought we might make it by running. It was taking a mighty long chance with that greaser right there with a six-shooter on his hip and a rifle on the saddle. But anything was better than the last jail we had seen.

Half the success of our get-away was due to the ranger's astonishment. We had been so peaceful up to the instant we started off that he had anticipated no trouble. He had finished running his hands over me, and as he turned to Hasty I said, "Now!" And giving the greaser a mighty push, I threw him off balance so that he fell on his face. I led the way. Had he fired at us immediately, he could have shot us dead but he went back to his horse to ride after us.

I used to be a pretty good quarter-miler and Hasty was not misnamed. We had the advantage in the start but the sand was deep; I never ran so much in one spot in my life. I just couldn't seem to lift my

feet clear of the stuff. The Mexican rode after us only a short distance because he soon saw that his horse was worse off than we were. He stopped and fired at us with his rifle. I will never forget the way I felt when the first bullet broke the sand about a hundred feet ahead of me. He fired in all just six times and each time I thought I was killed.

We made the coulee and although the drop was over sixty feet, and almost perpendicular at that, we went over like a couple of shots. When we hit the bottom, we crawled back in a cave that had been made by the water that sometimes floods those bad land cuts. There we lay panting and scared stiff. We didn't speak and every minute seemed like ages for we expected that ranger down any moment. But he came only to the edge of the coulee for some pebbles rolled down a bit of sand, then all was silence. I could hear my heart beating, and Hasty's eye was twisting terribly. Finally Hasty broke the silence. "He couldn't hit the broad side of a barn," he grunted. We both laughed but it was a sort of lifeless laugh. We knew that call had been a close one.

"I guess he must think we were killed either by him or by our fall." I was trying to convince myself that he wasn't coming down after us.

Presently I got up courage to look outside. The

bottom of the coulee was rough, rock-strewn, and with many caves similar to the one we were in.

"Lucky for us there's a lot of mesquite, greasewood and chaparral to hide our exact whereabouts," I told Hasty after my survey.

All that night and all the next day we stayed there without food. We had two army canteens that we had fortunately just filled with water at the last town. The next night, starved as wolves on the Canadian prairies, we came out of our hole and started to work our way North.

CHAPTER VI

BLUNDERING THROUGH BANDIT CAMPS

OF course our burros had disappeared. Whether they had put out for home, or had been appropriated by the enemy, we never knew. Hasty chose to accept the latter hypothesis. At every step we took, he cursed the Federalist ranger volubly in three languages and five Mexican dialects. He finished off by cursing us for a pair of fools who didn't have sense enough to join Villa when we had a chance.

"Then," he reminded me bitterly, "I'd a-had my machine gun along, and we coulda spit in that dirty little ranger's eye when he tried to hold us up."

For a week, we did most of our traveling at night. In all that time, we had only one meal which I will tell you about presently. In the meanwhile, we lived on thick black coffee, strong enough to float an iron wedge, and scraps of bread which we were able to buy from an occasional peasant. We were always hungry.

The eighth day of our fast, we came to a rancho with a large flock of goats. This being a sign of prosperity, we went in to see if we could work for a meal. The place was dirty as only a Mexican hacienda can be dirty. A few filthy children were crying loudly in front of a mud-covered mesquite limb hut. Outside the shack, hung a rabbit that smelled to high heaven. My nose noticed it ten feet away. The reason was soon apparent. When I looked inside of it, I found that it was green with mould.

"You don't mean to tell me a human being would eat that?" I asked Hasty.

"White men wouldn't," Hasty replied, "but these greasers would eat anything. They consider that a delicate way of preparing meat—to get it mellow."

We were interrupted by a lad of about twelve who ran out of a nearby thicket and begged us to come and help his father get a cow out of the bog. We were very weak with hunger but here was a chance to earn a meal, after more than a week of almost nothing but coffee.

We followed the boy and found that the cow was bogged clear up to a four-inch strip down the center of her back. The Mexican's wife was on the bank with a rawhide lariat pulling on the horns. The head of the family was in the bog up to his waist

twisting the tail of the cow and trying to lift a half-ton of beef out of that glue by moral suasion. Hasty and I sat back on that lariat and with visions of a big dish of chili and fresh frijoles, pulled for all we were worth. We broke the lariat twice, but, finally, we got the cow out and washed her down with cold water to restore circulation in her limbs.

"*Muchas gracias, muchas gracias, señores!*" chorused the whole family. When he got his breath, the man of the house could hardly thank us enough. Indeed, he promised us most of his rancho. His name, he told us, was Señor Galve Gonzales.

When we got back to the hut, we were horrified to see Señora Gonzales take down the rabbit and skin it for cooking. Half an hour later, it came forth in a pot full of something that resembled greasy dish-water. This was set before us and the family stood around to watch our enjoyment of this sumptuous repast. Hasty looked at me, and I looked at Hasty. Then we both looked at the three stalwart lads who had shown up while we were waiting. They were the eldest sons and had been out with the goats when we had helped their father with his cow. To refuse the hospitality of this kindly as well as powerful family would have been worse than a slap in the face. Anyhow, we were too nearly starved to be over-

fastidious. Trying our best to hold our noses without using our fingers for the purpose, we plunged in. I will say this for the rabbit—we didn't have to waste any time chewing it!

After dinner, Gonzales told us of Villa's activities around Nuevo Laredo and Del Rio and how everyone on both sides of the border was afraid of him. He warned us to watch out on our way north. That night was the first we had slept inside a house since leaving Fort Brown, for we didn't trust anyone after Matamoros. But this night we had to sleep inside, for the grateful and hospitable family of Señor Gonzales insisted upon giving us their whole dwelling, assuring us that they (he and his wife with the children) would be quite comfortable in the barn.

"*Buenas noches, señores!*" said Gonzales as he closed and locked the door after him.

"Was that to protect us, or the other livestock?" I asked Hasty.

"I don't know, Buddy," Hasty returned, "but it's a sure thing we can't get out now."

We found ourselves in a room ten by twelve and with no light except that of the moon which filtered through cracks in the mud roof. There was a dirty gray pallet on the floor; this we were to sleep on.

After a long starvation, food makes you mighty sleepy and we were soon dead to the world. Along toward morning I felt something poking in my face. The moon had dropped behind the hills and it was quite dark in the hut. I couldn't see my hand before my face, but I reached out and felt the horns of what I took to be a goat. Just as I was falling off again, I heard a terrific grunt and jumped almost out of my skin. Again I reached out. This time, my fingers found the coarse side of a hog. Surprised at the increase in the number of our roommates, I felt for a match to look around. I couldn't find any, so went back to sleep. Hasty woke me with:

"Wake up, Buddy. Look what I found!"

It was now broad daylight. Hasty was sitting on the floor of the hut, milking the goat. A complete inventory of the place showed that there were three dogs, one goat, one kid, one sow with ten pigs, and two very dirty Mexican boys present.

"Not bad for a ten by twelve room," I remarked to Hasty.

After breakfast which was served by Señora Gonzales, we were on our way again, having first accepted from our hostess a plentiful supply of dried strips of beef.

A few days later, just at dusk, we blundered into a

small detachment of Villa's men under Rayon. They needed recruits and bluntly offered us our choice of death or enlistment. We enlisted.

But not for long. During the night our captors went to the nearest village on a tequilla party leaving us in charge of the old man who looked after the pack animals. When he went to sleep over his bottle we simply walked out on him. They must not have wanted soldiers very badly, for I don't think they even bothered to look for us. The fact is, after they saw our appetites in full action at supper that night, I think their enthusiasm over attaching us had suffered a decided cooling off.

For the next day or so, we were more careful. But on Christmas Eve, almost a week after our capture by Villa's men, we came in sight of a good-sized village. Thoughts of mescale and tequilla made Hasty reckless.

"Christmas comes but once a year," he reminded me. "Come on, Buddy, we're going to celebrate!"

I had my misgivings as to the wisdom of entering the village and voiced the same. But Hasty voted down all my objections. We found the inhabitants in carnival mood. The whole male population was indulging freely in tequilla, which, by the way,

judging from its effect on Hasty, is the world's most potent drink, bar none.

We hadn't been in town an hour when we ran into an American named Virgin. He had wandered down in search of adventure and had found it. One night, he had imbibed too freely and the next morning woke up to find himself married to a pretty señorita. He was glad to see a white man and invited us to attend a fandango with him at the town hall that evening. It was Virgin who informed us that the dance was being given by General Rayon, one of Villa's commanders.

Now all would have been well that night had not Hasty noticed that one of the fandango dancers was very beautiful. He started to make up to her. I tried to remonstrate with him, reminding him that the man who flirts with a Mexican woman flirts with death. But he was always stubborn after a drink or two and the tequilla had got in its work.

"Lay off that stuff, Buddy," he told me. "The only thing a Mexican woman likes better than one American man is two American men."

Virgin and I tried to get Hasty outdoors and out of danger. But we had no luck. Hasty, running true to form, was getting more mulish with each drink.

Presently, Virgin came to me and whispered: "I heard some of these greasers talking about riding you boys out of town."

This news sobered Hasty a bit and we finally got him out and to Virgin's home. While waiting for Señora Virgin to bring us a few tortillas and a little chili to take with us, Hasty got to quarreling with two fellows who had followed us from the dance. I was on the porch of the little house and had just received the food when the row started. I hurried down to the gate, where I had left Hasty waiting for me. He seemed to have the situation pretty well in hand—one chap was on his hands and knees acting decidedly groggy and Hasty was doing his best to disfigure the other one for life.

There was nothing for me to do but wait until he had finished, for trying to reason with him when he was loaded with tequilla was worse than useless. We were about to be off when the lad on the ground made a pass at me with his stiletto, ripping through the flesh just below the knee cap.

By this time, Virgin had joined us. Much to our relief, he said that our assailants were town toughs and not Villa's men.

"Let's tie them up, gag them and put them in my garden," he suggested. "Then we can be sure that

they will carry no tales back to town before morning."

As they were both unconscious, it was but the work of a minute to carry them in off the road and fix them so that they could do no more harm for a few hours.

We hiked out about eight miles that night and made camp in our usual way.

"I'll never drink another drop of that fire water again," said Hasty as we gathered wood for a fire on which to boil our coffee.

I got two forked sticks and set them up, with a stick across the top to sit on. Rattlesnakes and tarantulas were plentiful and I didn't want to take any more chances than I had to take.

"If we ever get out of here alive after that last episode, I'll be surprised," I said to Hasty.

"I'm sorry, Kid, does that leg hurt you?"

"Not much. Just burns a little——"

I was interrupted by Hasty letting out a yell and dropping his end of the log which we had just picked up to carry in for a back-log.

"A tarantula!" he calmly announced, as we went back to the fire.

I watched terrified, for we didn't even have a knife to bleed his hand with.

Slowly but surely, his hand got larger and larger and presently the inflammation went to his arm. A tarantula in Mexico packs a deadly poison; its bite, if not fatal, usually causes paralysis.

"In fifteen or twenty minutes I will be dead," said Hasty.

I believed him for I never saw such an amazing swelling go on and on. I made him keep his hand in near boiling water in the lower half of my canteen. As fast as that would cool a bit, I'd have his canteen ready and hold mine over the fire again. Toward morning the swelling subsided a bit and he fell into a heavy sleep.

Christmas Day he announced that he was going back into town. All night I had sat up and I was dead tired, too tired to argue, so I let him go. He returned the day after Christmas and the first thing he said was:

"You saved my life, Buddy. I have been doing a lot of thinking since yesterday. I had a talk with Rayon. When he found out that I was a machine gunner, he made me an offer for both of us."

"What kind of an offer?"

"Two hundred gold pesos a month if we will sign up with Villa."

"Are you crazy?" I asked.

"No, but I'm tired of going on half rations. You said yourself that we should probably not get out of Mexico alive, going on the way we are."

We talked far into the night about it. I refused to go with Villa's gang and Hasty finally came to my point of view. The next morning we headed north once more, through the scorching mesa. Before nightfall, I was to wish that I had not been so stubborn.

About noon, while we were resting beneath a Joshua tree in a sandy hollow, a deadly centipede crawled on my right forearm. Hasty warned me:

"Don't move, Buddy, or he will dig in."

I did my best to obey, but my muscles must have flexed involuntarily for he did "dig in." I became feverish that night and by morning my forearm was as large as my thigh.

That last day and night still seem like a nightmare to me. The mental and physical tenseness, the thick dusty sunlight, in addition to the poison in my system, made me reel.

The desert seemed to finish us. Lizards darted across the road leaving tiny trails of powdered dust. Far ahead I thought I saw a lake with a campfire on its edge. It turned out to be a mirage and a "smoke tree."

"Here, Buddy, is some water, just chew this." Hasty gave me a piece of visnaga cactus. It was acrid tasting but it quenched my thirst a little.

Two black buzzards appeared in the sky and circling against the blue, followed us for the rest of that day.

Late that afternoon we came across the scattered bones of a man bleaching in the fierce sunlight of the desert. Hasty pointed to the big black birds still circling above us.

"They won't have to wait much longer, Buddy," he said.

I turned and looked at him. He appeared nearly dead. Our systems were both full of poison and the lack of food had weakened us terribly. His tongue was thick and I could hardly hear Hasty when he tried to talk. My own mind seemed far away. A trifling exertion and my heart pounded, and my hands shook. Hasty kept within a few paces of me, but there were moments when he sounded and looked miles away.

It seemed years before we felt a little relief in the approach of night. Yet not a breath of air stirred. We lay down in the hot sand of the desert.

I was awakened by loud voices and horses stamping and pawing the ground near my head.

"Hands up!" The cry reached my fuddled brain, and I tried to get up. I couldn't make it. Near me I could see Hasty's silhouette against the sky, his hands high above his head. He stooped to help me. A shot rang out, and he fell across my body.

My nerves and muscles were galvanized into action. I tried to lift him up. Then I saw the blood congeal on his chin and drop in thick rich drops. I felt the back of his head and my hand came away wet and sticky.

"Damn you!" was all I could say to the moving figures about me.

I was pulled away and thrown across a saddle. The night seemed to darken. I fainted.

"*Buenos dias, Señor.*"

I opened my eyes and saw before me a Catholic padre. He held a glass of milk in his hand and raising my head put it to my lips. It tasted cool and good.

"Hasty?" I asked.

"You have been sick a long time, sleep now," answered the father in English.

When I woke again, the room was like a tomb—quiet, bare and close.

The padre spoke: "Perhaps you are better now?"

"Yes, thank you, I am, but what of my friend?" I asked.

"He was killed. I buried him the morning after you were brought to me."

"The morning after?"

He interrupted me. "Yes, you have been very ill for more than a week. Your friend was killed by a bandit who stopped here that night and you were left for dead on the Church doorstep. He was apologetic but explained that one of his men thought your friend was reaching for a gun. Your friend was terribly emaciated just as you were. Probably he would not have lived unless given the same care you received."

"Then I have you to thank for my life, Father," I replied.

"You must continue to rest," urged the father quietly. "Remember there is nothing that you can do to avenge your friend's death."

It was two days before I was able to walk out to the spot where Hasty was buried. Stones were piled high on his grave to keep the coyotes out. A new wooden cross was at the head with a crucifix on a leather strap hung across the top. It was hard to realize that Hasty would never laugh or fight again.

The Church was but a few miles from Nuevo

Laredo. I bid the padre "*adios*" there. He had saved my life and I was sorry to leave him. Many times I thanked him and just as often he told me it was but his duty. I went over into Texas at Laredo.

Physically, I felt better than in months. But something had gone out of life. I missed my Buddy.

CHAPTER VII

I LEAD A DOUBLE LIFE

HASTY'S death left me feeling pretty lonely, but one must go on. I started for Laredo, planning to move steadily northward toward San Antonio. From there, I intended to make my way on to Seattle.

For ten long hours under the rays of the blistering sun, I trudged over the dusty road, my feet like lead. Apparently the road stretched on and on, world without end. For miles, one could see nothing but sage brush, and occasionally a giant old cactus rearing its spiked head like a disgruntled monarch above the waste of desert. Frequently, I would cross a dry creek-bed, and twice I passed large herds of long-horned cattle, thousands of them roaming at will over the unfenced plain.

Even though I suffered horribly from the heat this vast rolling country appealed to me keenly. For one thing, it's a man's country ruled over by men who battle endlessly for a meager existence with their

foes, heat and drought. The loneliness, and the wildness of the country, get you before you know it.

Late that afternoon, I reached a wayside railroad watering station. A freight had pulled to a stop to take on water; heat rose in waves from the top of the cars that stretched away down the track. I waited my chance, and when the coast was clear, I grabbed the iron ladder of a box car and climbed aboard. A short, sharp whistle, escaping steam, a grinding of wheels, and we were off. The train was a fast fruit special. For fear of being detected by someone on the platform who might signal the train crew I lay flat on the roof of my car until we were well under way.

Trainmen in the Southwest are none too kindly. Some of them are downright "ornery," as I later had good cause to know. You couldn't blame them, however, for the hoboes they deal with are about as wild and reckless a lot as you will find anywhere. It's not unheard of for a tramp to be beaten over the head and thrown off the top of a moving box car to die like a wounded animal somewhere out on the desert. Maricopa Slim, a brakeman on the Southern Pacific, has become a historical character. Any old railroad man will tell you about him. He is supposed to have drilled thirty tramps with a Winchester before

the hoboes ganged together and killed him one night near Santa Fé with a coupling pin.

All these cheering thoughts crowded through my mind as we rolled along in a straight line northward. Night began to fall. From my rocking perch I watched the lowering sun bathe the sage brush in deep purple. I was just sitting down for a quiet enjoyment of the landscape when through the semi-gloom I saw my natural enemy, the brakeman, mount the top of a freight car from the caboose and come rushing along the roof of the rapidly moving car. I was scared stiff. The ventilators were closed and I could see no avenue of escape. There was nothing to do but just sit tight and wait. The brakeman was a big brawny fellow. I knew if he wanted to throw me off he could easily do so. He didn't say a word until he got within a few feet of me. There he stood, legs apart, looking down at me. I felt like a worm in the shadow of an uplifted heel. Then shouting against the wind to make himself heard, he bellowed: "Well, well, look what we got here!" My teeth began to chatter and I braced myself for what might follow, but fortunately I had struck a lad in a mellow mood. His next words proved that my fears of bodily violence were groundless.

"You can't ride far, son," he told me. "It's against the laws of Texas. I'll have to drop you at the first waterhole."

I pleaded but to no avail. When we slowed up for a stop, blankets in one hand, I jumped off. The place was deserted, not a house in sight, not a living thing in sight. As the train pulled out, one of the train crew yelled that he hoped I would have a good hike. I decided to camp near the water tank overnight and start out for the road at break of day.

All next day I walked. Several machines passed, but the motorists were evidently afraid of picking up strangers. I couldn't blame them, as holdups were common in that section. That afternoon I sighted a shanty in the distance, and decided to ask if I might put up for the night. As I passed through the gate I saw a man sitting on the doorstep.

"Any chance of throwing a roll on the ground here?" I asked him.

"Sure thing, stranger," he answered. "Pretty hot going, ain't it?" Then—"Say, if you want to you can step jes' inside and help yourself."

With a sigh of relief I threw my pack down. Another moment and I was plunging my face and hands into cool water, drawn from a well nearby. It felt mighty good.

The next morning before the sun was up I made an early start hoping that some kind motorist would befriend me. I was lucky. I hadn't walked a half mile before an old Buick pulled to a stop in a cloud of dust.

"Hey, kid, you want a lift?" the driver yelled above the rattle of the dilapidated vehicle.

Did I? Throwing my luggage into the rear, I eagerly hopped in beside my good samaritan.

"How far are you going?" he asked as we got under way.

"San Antonio," I answered.

"So am I. You can ride through, if you want to. We ought to make it before night."

I soon found that the stranger's name was Jim Henderson, and that he was selling auto accessories through the Southwest. Henderson was a likable chap. A big, honest diamond in the rough. We got along famously. In fact, before nightfall, I had persuaded him to give me a job for a few days. This pact resulted in my staying with him for four months. During that time, we made every county in the State of Texas; and then we pushed on through Arizona and New Mexico. Eighteen thousand miles in all. And I had a "father" all the way. For as long as I was with him, I was known as

James Henderson, Jr. This was Jim's idea; I didn't mind.

The job with Henderson meant a lot of work, and long hours, but the returns were handsome. Incredible as it looks on paper, in four months' time, I made something like two thousand dollars.

Most of the towns were good for one-day stands only. We would usually pull into a new territory at night and camp in the city camp grounds, or on the bank of a nearby stream. The next morning James, Sr., and James, Jr., would drive into town, interview the mayor and get the right to sell appliances on the main drag.

After the necessary permission, we would proceed to demonstrate our wares. As Jim had a good line of patter and I was a pretty fair demonstrator we usually cleaned up. When we separated in El Paso, I left Jim with genuine regret. From El Paso I went to Gallup, New Mexico, where I bought a second-hand Buick which was painted a dozen colors and looked like an old Roman chariot.

I started out from Gallup over the old Santa Fé trail headed for Seattle by way of Phoenix. I was just clearing the outskirts of the town in my newly acquired possession, when I saw a huge person wildly waving an S. O. S. in the middle of the road.

I came to a stop. There was nothing else to do. He completely blocked the road.

"Hey, mister, give a guy a lift, will you?" the mound of flesh wailed. Remembering my own experience, I let Fatty climb aboard, a good deed I was later to regret. He filled and overlapped the seat. We started on, and for a moment I thought the struggle for air on the part of my stout friend would drown out the sound of the motor.

"Gosh, man, what weather!" he sighed. Then all of a sudden he blurted out, "My name's Carter. What's yours? Where are you going?"

"I'm on my way to the coast in this covered wagon," I answered.

Another big gulp of air. Then silence. Eventually another gulp and my companion offered to share expenses if I would agree to let him drive through with me. This arrangement suited me.

We went sailing along over the road toward Phoenix. We were making good time, and I was complimenting myself on my recent purchase, when we began a swift descent down a rough road and started to make a short turn to the left. All of a sudden, something broke in the steering apparatus, and the front wheel buckled. I heard a startled yelp from Carter as he clumsily sprang to safety. I tried

to leap out, too, but I was too late. The car turned turtle and I was pinned under the steering gear, my left arm fastened down so that I couldn't move.

After the cloud of dust cleared, Carter tried to lift the car. But he found that it was far too heavy for him. I had been knocked unconscious. When I came to, I felt sharp pains rushing through my left side. As there was nothing to wedge the car up with, I had to remain in this helpless position for forty minutes. Meanwhile, the sun's fierce rays were beating down on me.

Finally, a laundry wagon came along and the driver and Carter pried me out from underneath the car and drove me to the hospital in Phoenix. That was one of the most painful drives I have ever experienced. In the first place, the jolting of the car hurt terribly. Then the knowledge that my car had been demolished added to my misery. My arm was set and I left the hospital to find that my car had been towed to a garage in the city. It was so badly banged up that there was nothing to do but sell it for junk.

I traded the remains plus a large hunk of my fast-dwindling capital for a bright yellow collegiate Ford. The next day, still in company with Carter, I left Phoenix driving with one arm in a sling. For three

days we drove over the desert. The first two nights we camped out.

Carter would never have made a soldier. The poor lad was actually afraid of the dark. When night fell, he would wander about the campfire peering fearfully out into the gloom. I think he expected Indians, or wolves or something predatory to jump at him. He got on my nerves so much that on the third night we stopped in an auto camp.

We had just comfortably settled down for a good snooze when a family of eight gypsies drove in and pitched their tent nearby. They made enough noise to awaken a whole army. The car was loaded with everything from a goat, that was strapped down between the front and rear seats, to a crate of chickens that rested in a precarious position on the rear tire. Somewhere out of this bedlam, emerged Papa and Mama and six young gypsies. I noted with interest that apparently among gypsies the man takes it easy while the woman works her head off. With daybreak, Mama was up industriously building a fire, taking care of the children, and packing up. When Papa finally condescended to arise, she dutifully shaved her lord as he reclined at ease on a camp stool.

From now on, our route seemed to lead us up and

down over a thousand arroyos. Some of the climbs were so stiff that we would almost have to take them backing up. Carter would get out and, throwing his shoulder against the mudguard, would apply two hundred pounds of beef to the aid of the overworked motor. As he sweated and shoved away, he would make free use of what he termed his "French" vocabulary.

Eventually, we reached the Sierras, and wound our way to the summit, the motor boiling over every mile or so. Then we began a stiff descent down the Pacific slope with Reno as our next goal. But the altitude was too much for Henry; our noble steed buckled under the strain near the bottom of the grade. We strapped the frame together, and hobbled into town. Here my second purchase was sold for junk.

From Reno, we entrained for Seattle, Fatty promising to repay the amount I had loaned him when we arrived. But no such luck. When we reached Seattle, I saw the last of him.

It was late in the fall and school had just started. I entered the third year class and got a "bread and butter" job at a lawyer's home near the school, working after study hours, as general handy man, bottle-washer and about every other thing they could find

for me to do about the place. After getting dinner from "soup to nuts" I took off my apron, put on my coat and ate dinner with the family. Following dinner off came the coat, on went the apron and I washed the dishes. Thus I lived a double life. Study followed.

In the two years I was there, I finished high school with excellent grades and found myself ready for college by the fall of 1924.

CHAPTER VIII

SOME NARROW SQUEAKS

BEING eager to develop brawn and muscle, at the beginning of my first summer vacation I set out for a job in the Northwest woods. I wound up at a logging camp in northern Washington.

Here, there was none of the tooth-pick lumber of the Mississippi swamps, but man-sized logs from four to twelve feet in diameter. However my experience in Mississippi was not to be despised for it enabled me to qualify as a "high-ball" (*i.e.* high pressure) choker setter * right off the bat. A logger with a "high-ball" outfit is supposed to be able to get about a million feet of timber out of the woods in a working day!

A choker is a 250-pound block and cable which is thrown around a giant log and made fast to the main line, usually an inch and three quarter wire rope of great strength. It is the choker setter's

* Choke setter: Man who puts a big cable around logs to be hauled into the "yard," near the railroad tracks.

job to adjust the block and cable to the log and signal the "whistle punk" who in turn signals the engineer. The latter may be more than a thousand feet away and completely out of sight of operations. When the engineer gets the signal from the whistle punk, the giant steam donkeys roar into action. The logs seem to be lifted by some superhuman power as they go ripping their way through the remaining undergrowth into the "yard," or open camp, where they are loaded on flat cars for the sawmill.

I have seen a log hit a stump and jump forty feet into the air. Again, a huge swaying timber will strike a stump and tear it up by the roots. Great trenches are dug across the tops of small hills by the big logs plowing their way through to the spar tree. With such terrific power at work on every hand, a mere man seemed a puny thing, although most of the fellows with our outfit could straighten a horseshoe with their bare hands.

Setting chokers will make or break a man. Our ambulance carried on an average a dozen accidents a day, and about twice a week a corpse.

One day when our gang was working under the blistering sun, my partner cut across the main cable line to get a drink of water. On his way back, he found himself in the path of the returning choker

blocks. They were coming back at lightning speed, knocking down small saplings and making the bark fly off stumps. The boy yelled to the whistle punk to signal the engineer. The engineer of course had no means of knowing what was happening as he was absolutely dependent upon the whistle punk for signals. The punk pulled his wire and blew the whistle, but too late. The choker setter ducked, but not quickly enough. The flying choker smashed his head as I once saw a bear in Alaska smash a dog's skull with one lightning like jab of his giant paw.

Instead of calling the ambulance the foreman, or head rigging slinger, dragged the body off to one side and threw his coat over it. When one of the fellows objected, he said, "The ambulance won't do the kid any good now. Get back to work."

At this the "high climber," who had come out to see what had happened, spoke up: "The boys won't work until you take the stiff out of the woods. Anybody's likely to get his leg, or arm, or neck broken at any minute. They take their chances on that, but we want to be treated like human beings, not like cattle."

The foreman called the ambulance.

The loggers in our outfit were hard workers, hard drinkers, and hard fighters. They asked no quarter

of their fellows and they gave none. Time and again in fights in the bunk house, I have seen a man get his face scarred for life when an opponent waited until he was down, then deliberately planted a calked boot in the middle of his already bloody features.

Inevitably one found himself growing hard living in such an environment. I shall always remember the day that I forgot all about being a Quaker and got into a fight that might easily have ruined my life, or ended it. A burly logger had been picking on me for days. Eventually, I got sore and we started quarreling in dead earnest. Finally, the argument grew pretty hot and my opponent picked up a thirty-pound cant-hook that was lying handy and hurled it at me. The projectile barely missed. I knew that if it had struck me, I should probably have been a cripple for life.

In a blind rage I grabbed up the murderous implement and sent it flying back with every ounce of my strength behind it. Fortunately for me, my enemy ducked and the cant-hook went over his head. As it was, the trailing hook tore his hat off and the steel spike drove into the tree behind him where it quivered for a moment and then fell to the ground. Somebody rushed in between us. We had

both been sobered by the close call and there wasn't much fight left in us.

This fight cost me my job as a choker setter. I became a brakeman on the logging train that took the logs to the sawmill. As there were no airbrakes my working day was one mad scramble up and down the train to maneuver the hand brakes. It was also my job to throw the switches. One day as I was standing in a deep cut by a switch, a car lurched, shifted its load, and six of the large logs started down off the moving train headed straight for me. I couldn't get up the embankment; I couldn't get back on the train.

I had a split second in which to decide what to do. The train was moving at about six or eight miles an hour. Letting out the biggest yell I could muster, I dived under the moving cars. Luckily the engineer heard me and brought the train to a stop at once. He was just in time to save me from the rear trucks of the car under which I had ducked.

In the meantime, the logs had thundered off the car and had smashed to smithereens the switch against which I had been standing. Take it all in all, that was about the narrowest squeak I ever had.

The second escape came a few days later when we were working a slope some 300 yards from the

donkey. The high-line lay buried in the underbrush. In the distance the towering spar tree was visible with the high-line dropping away from it. However, I couldn't see the exact direction it ran through the woods. I had been to a nearby stream to get a drink of water and was working my way slowly back through the undergrowth. I heard the whistle punk signal the engineer two blasts—tighten up.

Zing—slash—whir—whir, and something hard and glittering shot up before my eyes. I looked up and there sixty feet above me the high-line cable was quivering under a terrific strain and the sun's rays danced up and down its length.

One more step and I would have been astride that high-line! Lying hidden on the ground it was so concealed from me that I should have crossed it without a tremor. But if it hadn't gone up at that precise moment I should have been well on my way to heaven.

The woods grew more and more dangerous. After these two narrow squeaks I avoided them like poison.

Often I had watched the loggers cross the millpond by means of the logs which floated on its surface. Making a gay sight with their bright checked shirts, the men would scamper nimbly across the pond,

their calks—half inch steel spikes in their driving boots—giving them momentary footholds. I wanted to try it myself. I did.

I made the first three logs in great style. Then something happened—the fourth wasn't there when I arrived. Down between the logs into the icy water I went. My pick-pole—a 12-foot ash shaft with a steel tip that could be thrust into a log—fell across two logs. I gripped it with a strong hand and only went into the pond up to my waist.

Everyone laughed including myself, for I felt like a clown on a cross bar. I scrambled out and spent the next two hours resting while I dried out.

I returned to Seattle in the fall and went back to High School. The ensuing five months were spent at my old job of chaperoning my landlord's furnace and manicuring his car while I led my double existence. I graduated in mid-year, finishing the two years work in a year and a half. Then I looked for a job to keep me until the next October when I was to enter the University.

It was while in pursuit of this job, which was to give me a living, a surplus amount of cash and a built up physique (not much to expect from a mere job!) that I ran into Murray Stuart.

"If you would like to work your way to Alaska

as a cook I think I can put you on the *Aberdeen*, the cannery tender, next week," he answered in reply to my question.

A cook on a boat! It had never occurred to me that fishing boats had cooks. And when I asked him how many there were to cook for he replied, "Six or eight men I guess."

This nearly floored me for I had never cooked for a regiment such as this before in my life. But I wanted a job and most of all I wanted to see Alaska.

"Oh! that will be easy," I said blandly. "When do I sign on?"

"Today, for you'll have to replenish the galley with stores and it will take a week."

Galley! Stores! New and fascinating words.

Thus a sea-going cook was signed.

CHAPTER IX

"A FRESH FISH IN SALT WATER"

WHEN I set out to sea I found my job as cook also included the duties of a helmsman on the motor ship *Aberdeen!* The galley was forward in the foc's'le, which also contained eight bunks and a table. The after hatch was reserved exclusively for fish.

My wheel watch was from eight to twelve, night and morning. My quartermaster duties over at noon, my culinary activities at once began, so that I did not find much time for rest. I cooked for eight men and a cat—six bohunks, a Scandinavian captain, and myself comprising the crew.

The cannery tender was a 70-foot semi-Diesel engine tug. In the Straits of Juan de Fuca and Queen Charlotte Sound, she made just as much vertical motion as headway. In the galley, I had an iron rail around the top of the coal stove, and the pots were lashed on with wires. To get biscuits or a roast out of the oven, I waited until the ship had

tilted the stove up. Then I would open the oven door, and on the next roll of the ship the roasting pan would come right out to meet me.

Coal was kept in the bilge under the floor of the foc's'le. There wasn't even room for a coal bucket in the galley. To stoke the fire, I had to get down on my hands and knees and scoop up a shovelful of coal out of the oil and fish slime which had floated up from the fish in the after-hatch.

The first day out, the combination of cooking and the stench from the bilge in the air-tight galley gave me my initial experience in seasickness. About 1.30 P.M., the hungry crew went on a hunt for the cook and found him sprawled on the after-hatch in a drizzling rain, very, very sick. I had gone up on deck to get into the locker where we kept our meat and butter. But the fresh air felt so good that I went right on past the locker to the stern rail. Leaning on the rail and gazing down into the swirling green water about three feet below finished me off. Like a good bridge player, I discarded first from strength, and later from weakness.

Presently we ran into the shelter of Vancouver Island and the sea quieted down. I returned to the foc's'le and found that the crew had raised havoc with my galley in dishing up pot luck. After clear-

ing up the débris, I built another fire with my wet coal and bits of fish and got the evening mess. The term "mess" can be translated literally.

As we went further north, the days lengthened and the wind and the sea became calmer. One night before the advent of good weather, we were plugging along between five and six knots in a dense fog, when suddenly the little boat began to pitch and toss frantically. It was during my watch and as I looked out of the cabin, I perceived a great black hulk directly alongside of us. Suddenly a fog horn let loose and my heart went into my throat, for I realized that we were being tossed in the wash of a ship that had overtaken us. Without waiting for orders I put the helm hard over. In less than a minute, there was nothing to be seen of the ship except her lights disappearing into the murk ahead. Yet we had shaved her so closely that we nearly fouled the vessel's log which was trailing over her stern.

The captain, who had been almost thrown out of his bunk by the sudden change in our course, came up to investigate. As it had been too dark for me to make out the name on the stern of the ship I was unable to tell him who it was that had nearly run us down. The next day when we went into Prince Rupert, the *Princess Louise* was tied up at the Gov-

ernment dock. It was she who had nearly finished us.

Everybody went ashore that day except me. After the captain and the crew had got all the liquor they could drink, they returned to the cannery tender. One of the deck-hands fell overboard in his anxiety to cast away from the dock as quickly as possible. Being the only sober member of the crew, I was in the wheel house. As the engineer was drunkest of all, I was afraid for a minute that my signal for a dead stop would not be obeyed quickly enough to keep the deck-hand from being crushed between the boat and the dock, or from being cut up by the propeller. However, the engine stopped simultaneously with my signal.

I afterwards found out that the engineer had fallen against the ignition switch and we would have stopped regardless! A boathook fished the deck-hand out of the oily water. The cold water had ruined the benefits of his expedition uptown, so the *Aberdeen* set out to sea with two sober sailors instead of one.

That day, just as I took the wheel at eight bells, we reached the Narrows. As the tide was against us, we had to wait for a full tide, because even the big ships are unable to buck the ebb. The captain, still wearing off the effects of his visit to Prince

Rupert, decided to try it just before the tide turned. I had never been in the waters, or I might have persuaded him to stand by for a bit longer. He signaled the engineer for full speed ahead, then rang the jingle for good measure.

We entered the Narrows and all seemed to be going well when suddenly the ship was carried across toward the starboard bank. My movements at the helm were futile and more than once the wheel was snatched from my hands as the water swirled about the rudder and the propeller. We barely escaped running aground; in fact, we just did get away by beating a hasty retreat. It was nearly dark when we got back into the Narrows.

Suddenly I felt the ship jarred from stem to stern. I looked quickly to port and starboard for the channel markings. I knew that unless a reef had sprouted beneath us we couldn't be aground. The next moment there was a great churning of water off the starboard bow and what looked like a smooth rock shoreline rose into view. Again the ship shivered and shook as this active reef hit us once more. It was some seconds before I realized that we had run aground a whale!

I threw the helm over to port in an effort to get away, but there was not much space in which to

maneuver in the narrow channel. The whale was now in full view. All the deck-hands in great excitement had piled out of the foc's'le. One of them grabbed a spear that we used for spearing porpoises and made a futile attempt to harpoon the whale. Two of the others had a pike-pole apiece with which they were jabbing at the huge creature. The water on either side was too shallow for either us or the whale to give way much.

As the whale was longer than our little craft, when he was suddenly aroused to action I felt grateful that we were not in a whaleboat. Up to this minute, he had been cruising along in the same direction we were going, now and then hitting the side of the *Aberdeen*. But he suddenly turned and with a tremendous upheaval brought his flukes down across the stern rail. As the rail was only about three feet off the water, the full force of the blow smashed it and nearly stove a hole in our side. I signaled for full speed ahead and we got away before the whale wheeled about for another attack.

Finally we were out of the Narrows. As we reached more open water we felt safer in pausing to look about. The whale had sounded and was nowhere to be seen.

When we next saw him, we were astonished to

find that he had gone into a little cove about a hundred yards to the right of us. This was a strange act as whales usually avoid shallow water. We were wondering what had caused him to turn shoreward rather than make his way between some of the islands out to sea, when all at once he began to blow and thrash about in a strange manner. The captain remarked to me that he thought maybe the whale was being attacked. I could hardly imagine anything game enough or powerful enough to attack that monster. But before I had a chance to say what I thought, a fluke rose out of the water ten or twelve feet into the air and came down across the back of the whale with a tremendous crash.

Again and again the fin, or fluke, or whatever it was, rose in a slow, leisurely movement and was brought down with lightning-like rapidity across the back of the struggling whale. Needless to say, we stood by to watch this fight. The captain knew at once what had cornered the whale. He explained that it was a thrasher that had driven the whale into the shallow water of the Inside Passage where he couldn't sound. Now we were witnessing the climax of a struggle which had probably started far out at sea.

For long periods at a time everything would be

quiet. Then suddenly the whale would come to the surface to breathe and the scene we had witnessed at first would take place all over again. Far into the night, when we couldn't see what was going on, we could hear the tremendous crash as the thrasher beat his quarry to death. The man who relieved me at midnight heard the last struggle during the second dog watch. After that, all was quiet.

At dawn we were all up on deck to see what had taken place. Never did a stretch of country look more serene, or more beautiful, than that harbor with its thickly wooded hills and rock cliffs behind it. Here and there a tiny waterfall, perhaps a thousand feet in height, made its way down the face of the rock like a thin silver ribbon. Still higher and beyond these, were snow-capped mountains and massive glaciers.

Nowhere was there any trace of whale or thrasher. All that day a sort of quiet fell over the crew. Even the stolid bohunks sensed that they had witnessed one of those mighty struggles of the deep which it is the rare good luck of few men to look upon.

After cruising about and visiting the company's various traps in the northern extremity of the Inside Passage, we arrived at our objective, the cannery, and my culinary duties were over.

I was immediately installed in the capacity of night watchman where there wasn't any night. But the hours were from six to six just the same. The only semblance of darkness was between twelve and one when twilight fell over the countryside. During this hour, I carried a lantern on my rounds. The rest of the night was nearly as bright as day.

My duties included tallying the fish brought in by any stray purse-seiners during the night. Practically every night some captain would need some fish pitchers to unload his boat. Then would ensue a long argument with the Japanese foreman who would finally agree to try to get some of his countrymen out of bed. In this he was usually unsuccessful for the Japs had worked anywhere from eleven to eighteen hours, and even the promise of seventy-five cents an hour overtime could not induce them to leave their bunks.

Often I would take it upon myself to help with the fish pitching. Donning my oilskins from high rubber boots to a sou'wester, I would go down onto the purse-seiner's craft with one of his crew. We would open the hatch and drop down into the hold upon the cargo of fish. In order to keep from sinking up to our necks in fish, we would each drop a six-inch board on top of the fish. The object was to

stand on this board as long as possible. Not very long after we started to work, the board would begin to work down into the fish. Presently it would be covered with slime. Then, first one foot and then the other would slip off until we were in danger of being drowned in a sea of fish.

We worked facing each other. The slime from my fish would bathe my partner, and he never failed to return the compliment with vigor and dispatch. We actually had to hold our mouths tight shut to keep from swallowing some of the fish juice.

Climbing out of the hold, I would give the captain a receipt for his fish, go into the cannery, and shut off the conveyor elevator, and then return to my duties as night watchman. Some duties they were, too!

Early one morning as I was jogging down the Valdez Trail, shadow boxing as I went, I was waylaid by some roughnecks, one of whom was a former fellow cannery worker. He was also a University of Washington man and had gone to Alaska to get in condition for crew. Due to a controversy which had arisen as to whether I had purposely hit him in the face with a decomposed fish or whether it was, as I claimed, accidental, he had developed a hatred for me.

"Slow down, big boy," he yelled. As I came to a halt, I was seized from behind and my hands tied behind my back.

"We're going to give you one good tubbing," he advised me. As I had not yet entered the University, I didn't know exactly what a tubbing meant, but it sounded like water. It was.

"Hold everything," I warned the gang; but they seemed to think that that meant to hold me. I was picked up bodily with a gunny sack over my head and carried some little distance before I was put down again on my feet. When I was next able to see daylight, I was on a large flat rock on the edge of a deep pool. I knew it would be silly to protest or struggle because they were four against one. When they told me to strip I did.

The prospect was not very bright, for the stream into which they were obviously about to throw me, came right out from under a glacier and was nearly as cold as the snow and ice from which it was drawn.

"Hog-tie him," said the man who had been my enemy for many weeks.

"You're going to regret this," I told him as his henchmen went to work.

With a shrug of his shoulders he answered me: "It will be good for you and maybe take some of

the cockiness out of you. Perhaps it will teach you that little high school graduates and freshmen should respect upper-classmen."

I was thrown flat on my face and my wrists and ankles tied together with two pieces of rope in the middle of my back. Hog-tied was the word and helpless to the extent that I could hardly even raise my head. I was already beginning to shiver. But I didn't want to show the white feather and in my heart I vowed that I would get my revenge when it was all over.

My thoughts were interrupted when the leader said, "We'll hold you over the water and count three. You take a deep breath and when you find yourself on the bottom, start letting it out because we won't let you up till you blow forty bubbles."

Making fast a heavy rope to my bundle of limbs, a husky half-breed and another of the gang held me over the pool.

One, two,—*splash!*

The dirty snakes hadn't given me a count of three and I found myself thrust into the ice-cold water with lungs only half full of air. The contact with the cold water and the shove as I went under, made me lose what little air I had in my lungs. I tried to blow bubbles but there wasn't any air to blow them

with. I gritted my teeth and closed my mouth to keep from swallowing water.

Pretty soon the pressure got so great I couldn't hold out any longer. I gave vent to a convulsive sob and took a deep breath, not of air but of water and cold water, too. The first shock of it felt like a knife across the top of my lungs, but after that I felt as though I were falling asleep.

My head began to sing and I felt as though I were being whirled round and round and round. It gave me the feeling of being put under an anæsthetic and after a few futile struggles I relaxed and comfortably fell asleep. Up to this time, I kept saying to myself with every pulsation of my brain, "*I'm drowning, I'm drowning!*" I couldn't seem to think of anything else. It wasn't long before the dizziness stopped with a crash and everything went black. I had passed out.

The next thing I knew I was in the room of a cabin, across a rolled-up mattress in the middle of the floor. A tremendous weight was pressing into my back. It was the half-breed bringing me to with artificial respiration. The upper-classman was nowhere to be seen but the other two members of the gang were there, one rubbing my arms and hands, and the other my legs, to restore my circulation.

For hours I lay in a semi-conscious state and the thing that finally drove the chill that seemed to penetrate to my very marrow from my body, were several successive drinks of "white lightning" or bootleg whiskey while I lay wrapped in heavy woolen army blankets. By the time I was able to sit up my enemy returned with a doctor. As I had begun to perspire I knew the danger was past. I was too sick to be frightened but the four men who had "tubbed" me in that freezing river were nearly scared to death.

"We thought you were bluffing, kid, and that you were holding your breath," said the man who had directed the attack against me.

"I didn't have any breath to hold," I mumbled from the depths of my blankets. I was still in a dazed condition but I listened as he went on.

"We held you down too long. We're sorry as hell. You sure gave us a terrible scare. You seemed dead for about forty minutes after we fished you out. Only heroic work on the part of the three fellows I left here when I went for the doctor brought you around."

The doctor was afraid of pneumonia or other dire results due to exposure. He frightened the gang still more by remarking: "The kid here could have

you all thrown in jail for a long, long time if he wanted to."

They certainly treated me fine after that.

I wasn't able to go back to work for some days, and while I was in bed there wasn't anything I wanted that those fellows didn't get for me at the smallest hint.

When I was able to get up and about I felt tremendously exhilarated and happy. In fact, I felt as though I were walking on air. If I had been cocky before, I was now downright self-satisfied.

The feeling you get after kind Fate gives you back your life when it seems lost is a feeling of glorious exhilaration. This was the second time in my life (the other being when I got out of Mexico alive) that I felt as though I had literally been given a present of my own life. I decided there was nothing more wonderful than the days following a narrow escape from death.

Part of my duty was at the main coal bins which were about three hundred yards from the boiler. It was my job during the night to haul six tons of coal in a wheelbarrow, five loads to the ton, up a steep gangplank and into the coal bin. In addition to this little chore, my hardest job was punching the tubes in what seemed to be the biggest boiler in Alaska.

The cannery would often run past midnight to keep the fish from spoiling. This left the boiler red hot.

Every night after the engineer went off duty, the boiler had its face lifted. I would leave it as long as I could in order to let it cool off. I just gave myself time enough to punch the tubes, start a fresh fire, and by going easy on the injector, raise the pressure to ninety pounds by six o'clock in the morning. Firemen and engineers will understand what it means to punch one hundred and forty-six four-inch tubes. For the layman, I will explain the process.

Placing a keg on the floor fifteen feet from the face of the boiler, I would run a plank from the door of the fire-box to the keg. Then stripping to the waist, I would pick up a twenty-foot steel rod and mount my pedestal. On the end of this steel rod was a six-inch wire brush. The object was to shove this six-inch wire brush through those four-inch tubes for twenty feet, carrying with the brush all the soot and rust which had accumulated during the day. For months after this experience, my chest and arms carried scars from burns made when the hot steel bar would accidentally touch me on its way in or out. The only thing that saved my hands was a pair of heavy leather gloves.

The only rest I got was once every twenty minutes when I would pull a sweat shirt over my head and run over the cannery to make sure that all was well.

As the cannery was fairly well isolated, I had neither the time nor the opportunity to spend my salary, which was $90 a month with room and board for working twelve hours a day and seven days a week.

Toward the middle of the summer, I got fed up on my job and shipped as a quartermaster on the *Kennecott* to the Orient.

CHAPTER X

JUMPING JAPS

WEARING my one and only suit, and carrying a roll of blankets, I went down to the wharf Monday morning to board the *Kennecott* as quartermaster. "Pretty neat," I thought, as I affected a sailor's gait. "Not so bad, getting a job as quartermaster aboard a fair-sized vessel bound for the Orient!"

In high spirits and with a nonchalant air, I strode up the gangplank and out onto the deck. Dropping my roll of blankets on the deck, I stretched myself and took a deep breath. I could already picture myself standing with feet wide apart on the rolling bridge screaming harsh orders in the teeth of a hurricane at the lowly A.B.'s who were responding frantically. For a moment, I lost myself in this pleasantly stirring scene. Then a big, booming voice ripped out from the companionway and shattered my visions:

"Hey, you, what the hell do you think this is, an indoor gym? Come over here."

The reaction was painful. I lifted my blankets from the deck and with an "Aye, aye, sir," I stood at humble attention before the big voiced man who wore a mate's stripes.

"You are the new quartermaster, eh? And a fine looking specimen you are," he bellowed. "I'll bet your daddy doesn't know where you are."

"Say," I started to reply, with a hot show of indignation. Just then I heard a little titter of laughter from the bridge. Looking up I saw a beautiful girl dressed in blue. She was leaning over the rail enjoying the comic strip scene below. The mate's glance followed mine and with a smile on his lobster-like countenance he bowed.

"Good morning, Miss Tracy," he called up as sweet as pie. "Delightful day, isn't it? Be up in a moment." Then aside to me: "This way, young man. Step lively." And, mumbling some threat about what time would do for Papa's boy, he led me to my quarters. But not before I had caught a tantalizing wave of the hand from the Lady in Blue.

I found that I was to share my quarters with a chap named Bob Cook, who was also assigned to go on watch with me. When the mate left us, I turned to the young chap and asked:

"Say, isn't this a fine sort of boss we have? Acts like a slave driver."

"Oh, don't worry about him," Bob answered. "His bark is much worse than his bite."

"Who's the Cleopatra aboard," I wanted to know next.

Bob grinned. "Go slow, there," he warned me. "She's a friend of the old man's. He's taken quite a shine to her since we left Seattle."

Mentally, I took in a lot of sail. No quartermaster in his senses is going to monkey with the captain's girl friend. And yet, the lady had waved to me. . . .

The night we left Skagway I found myself wandering about the boat deck, admiring the beauties of the night and thanking my lucky stars that I did not have to go on watch until twelve. On rounding one of the funnels, I almost fell over a steamer chair. Next to it was another cane chair and in this one was the captain's sweetheart.

"Oh, hello," I said in what I hoped was a casual tone.

A moment's silence. Then, "Won't you sit down?" she said.

Now there was nothing that I wanted to do more, yet sitting down by this enchantress was the one thing I knew I should *not* do. For about two seconds

I stood undecided. Then I sat down. I had no business even speaking to her. I might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb.

Times without number, I had rehearsed the perfect conversation, sparkling and witty, and touched with poetry, which would take place when at last we two should meet. Now that I was face to face with my divinity, my cowardly vocabulary slunk off and left me wordless. But the Lady did not seem to mind. After a desultory sentence or so, she went gracefully into the Silence. In silence, we watched the moonlight drift across our bow. In silence her fingers touched mine understandingly. It was all beautiful. *Very* beautiful. . . .

Suddenly we were interrupted by a giant shadow bulking against our chairs. Intuitive shivers chased themselves up and down my backbone. I looked up. There stood the captain, arms akimbo, silently surveying the scene with a sour countenance. And there I sat, a low-life quartermaster stretched out in *his* chaise longue, fondling the hand of *his* betrothed!

Falling all over myself, I jumped to my feet, and began to stutter some half-baked apology. But, alas, my vocabulary was still A. W. O. L.

"*What!*" roared the captain, alarmingly coming to life.

"Aye, aye, sir," I mumbled idiotically as I fled from the deck. As I hit the companionway, I risked an eye in a backward glance. I was just in time to see the captain settling back in *my* place. I was afraid I would lose my job when we reached Hong Kong. I did.

En route to the Orient, following the Great Circle Course, we passed within sight of the Aleutian Islands, giant rock piles jutting out of the sea, some of them literally covered with colonies of seals. After the incident with the Lady in Blue, there was little to break the monotony of the voyage, except the weather. For three days it was consistently rough.

I would stand my watch in the wheel-house watching the great waves come over the forward part of the ship as we wallowed in the trough of the sea. It was a marvelous sight. A glorious feeling, that sensation, of man pitting his strength against the forces of nature. Everywhere mighty waves, beautiful blues, and varieties of green waiting to devour us!

Everything was lashed down tight. I thanked my lucky stars that I was housed in the quarter as the pounding of the waves against the prow of the ship made life a perfect hell for the seamen

in the forecastle. On the fourth day the storm had somewhat abated. Late in the afternoon, I saw two whales fighting about a mile and a half off the port quarter. The flash of their bodies in the sun as they rose out of the water in a superhuman effort to overcome one another was awe-inspiring. The mate told me that the old leader of the herd was being challenged for his leadership by one of the young males. As we left them far behind, I hoped that the old boy won, for if he lost—as he would some day—it would mean lonely wandering until death.

One of the strange characteristics of this giant of the deep is that if driven from his own herd he will have no other. Moby Dick was such a whale, and the lone giants who put up tremendous fights with the whalers are usually deposed leaders of a herd whose place has been usurped by a rival.

There were days when we saw nothing but water sprayed with white foam. Then Yokohama, our first port of call. Here we stopped a few hours before proceeding to Kobe. The weather was miserable. We could see little besides the fog-soaked docks and the multitude of sampans. The loading was done by coolies, little fellows with short raggedy coats and straw hats. They were undersized and

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FISH-PITCHING. SLIMY WORK!

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YOSHIO AND THE AUTHOR VISIT JAPAN'S SACRED MOUNTAIN—FUJI-YAMA.

sickly-looking for the most part; but I was surprised at the rapidity and dexterity with which they handled heavy boxes.

Three nights later, we slowly steamed into the harbor of Hong Kong. The scene from the deck of the boat offered a most unusual panorama. One looks on the ascending glory of a mass of lights that cover the Peak. The entire city and mountain appear to be decorated with pendant diamonds. It's the greatest scene I have ever witnessed by night anywhere.

The captain ordered every one to stay aboard until morning.

I was standing on the bridge when I heard the rattle of the chains, as the anchor was let go. Suddenly the silent night was pierced by a terrible blood-curdling cry. Then all was quiet. Some one shouted and the mate and several of the quartermasters rushed forward. The chain had stopped; two seamen were grappling with something down in the manhole of the chain-locker. The whole side of the bulkhead, around the opening of the hawse-hole that led to the sea, was covered with blood. Evidently a stowaway had hidden himself in the anchor chain and had fallen asleep. When the anchor let go, the result was inevitable. He had been mangled and dragged

through the hole by the rapidly descending chain, and dropped into the harbor. There was no sign of him except for his bundle of clothes in a corner.

The captain immediately got in touch with the harbor authorities who made a few attempts at grappling for what might remain to tell the story. But it did not seem to me that they put their hearts into it, their attitude being "after all, what's one coolie more or less."

The next day I was discharged. Being a free agent had its compensations, however, despite the fact that I was without a job and ten thousand miles from home. Throwing my duffle into the tender, I left the ship for good.

A pleasant surprise was in store for me. When I got ashore, who should be on the quay but the captain's sweetheart.

"I saw you coming, so I thought I'd wait a few minutes," she said, with a demure smile.

On landing I had exactly one dollar and sixty-two cents. With youthful rashness, I invited the lady to join me on an afternoon tour of the island, and luncheon at the Repulse Bay Hotel. 'Rickshaws were out of the question. What thrill is there in jolting along, sometimes in front of and sometimes

behind your companion? Besides, 'rickshaws cost money!

We walked through the Happy Valley and in this picturesque setting, romance had its little fling. I will add that I no longer felt any bitterness toward the captain who had driven me so ignominiously from the moonlit deck off Alaska. I felt that the score between us was now even. As for the captain, what he didn't know wouldn't hurt him!

It's not an uncommon sight in China to see women coolies engaged in the heaviest kind of manual labor. We saw them carrying stone and building material in two baskets suspended on a pole which they carried over their shoulders. We were told that these women worked for twenty-five cents a day.

The evening before my Lady in Blue left, we had dinner together at a restaurant where we watched the sing-song girls dancing to the sensual music of their sordid surroundings. Finally, the hour struck for the captain's sweetheart to say good-bye. When I took her to the old ship, it suddenly came home to me that she was taking the *Kennecott* with her! This made the parting doubly hard.

That night found me looking for a cheap place to live, while I awaited an opportunity to ship out. The day had made a severe dent in my quarter-

master's pay; and now that the joy was over, my optimism deserted me. I realized that I was without a job and nearly broke in a foreign port. I knew that I couldn't exist on the beauties of Hong Kong.

The next day I made my way by cable car and hiking to the Peak. From here one commands a view of one of the world's most wonderful panoramas. Involuntarily, you marvel at John Bull's engineering achievements. Houses and buildings, built one over the other, and across the Bay, Kowloon, with its red-roofed cottages and beautiful homes.

Early next morning I wandered down to the docks. The waterfront presented an active scene—hardly an hour passed that a ship did not arrive or depart. Great liners, dirty tramp schooners, and antiquated old sailing barques, flying the flags of all nations, were anchored out in the Bay. I watched little tenders, some of them driven by motor, others pulled by bony arms, plying between the ships and the mainland, cutting the water into long streamers of white foam. I had lost myself in the activity about me when a voice at my elbow startled me.

"Hello, an American aren't you? You don't mind my butting in, do you?"

I turned to see a smartly dressed middle-aged man,

presumably an American, looking at me with twinkling blue eyes.

"Not at all," I answered. "This certainly is a busy harbor, isn't it?"

"Yes," he answered, "I understand this isolated mecca of world shipping is second only to New York. Looking for a job, may I ask?"

"Yes," I admitted, wondering who he was and feeling a bit embarrassed at my down-and-out appearance.

"Thought so," he said. "Probably a college fellow, aren't you, tramping around and seeing life from a realistic angle? It's not a half bad idea. Where are you bound for now?"

"Back to the States, if I can find a berth," I answered.

"I'll tell you what I can do," he said, "I'm a shipping agent and I'm sailing aboard the S.S. *Resolute* tomorrow. Be down at the dock in the morning and I think I can get you a job. I know the captain."

I thanked him and we talked on for a while. When he left I promised I'd be down early in the morning. He was as good as his word. The captain gave me a job as deck-hand right off the bat. The boat was sailing for Yokohama that afternoon. The trip was

uneventful and my duties were simple and of a very light nature. The trouble was that when we got to the Japanese port the vessel had to be laid up for unexpected repairs and I once more found myself without a job.

In Yokohama, I stooped to longshoring. This was for the purpose of earning more money. On the second day at this job I had an unfortunate accident. While we were handling cases of canned goods, I was struck in the face by the sharp corner of a seventy-pound box that hadn't quite reached the grasping longshoreman's hook of the Japanese working above me. I had thrown the box and he had snatched at it in a vain attempt to save me. But his efforts were futile—I found myself with a broken jaw. My schoolgirl complexion was ruined, and two of my jaw teeth had to be carefully lifted. I thanked my lucky stars that my teeth had been broken, and not my neck.

While hanging about the quay and the docks watching the feverish activities of shipbuilding, I fell in with a young Japanese named Yoshio. He was a graduate of Doshisha University, a pacifist—except when teaching me ken-jitsu.

This was the year following the earthquake when Yokohama had been laid low and Tokyo was in

nearly the same condition. At that period, the Japanese program called for the completion of twenty-five warships and the whole country was a scene of shipbuilding activity.

One day my Japanese friend offered to teach me ken-jitsu, which proved to be a very strenuous exercise. Putting on a steel helmet and a wire mask over our heads, and donning great gauntlets, we would each grasp a five-foot bamboo pole and stand out ready for action. Then we would parry and thrust mightily with many a loud crash as our bamboos met. Yoshio jumped about like forked lightning. He had a genius for bringing his stick down with a thundering crash on my helmet, when I thought he was aiming for my body. We were not allowed to jab or poke, but always had to make an up-and-down, or side-to-side movement.

The Japanese are excessively polite. Before we started thrusting, we would bow to one another.

"Ready, Yoshio san?"

"Ready, Walter san."

Then after each knockdown and knockout, we would scramble to our feet and again repeat our opening phrases. Looking back upon it all, I really think the bowing was more tiring than the jumping about like a jack-in-the-box.

I had the advantage in size and strength, but the cunning and quickness of Yoshio more than offset my physical advantages. Oh, yes, ken-jitsu is a pleasant little pastime, and a most amusing spectacle for quiet, dignified, old ladies to witness. When two Japanese play at this game, they bring their clubs down with all the weight of their bodies, and direct them at each other's heads. It looks like hot-headed murder and often is.

After our fights Yoshio and I would go for a ride in the original *pull-man* car—the 'rickshaw. As our 'rickshaw-man jogged ahead of us, up and down, up and down, I got the impression that all Japan was playing at jack-in-the-box.

What a strange and fascinating sight an Oriental city is to an Occidental! I thoroughly enjoyed those afternoon drives. We were docked in Yokohama for two weeks, and with Yoshio as guide, I had someone to answer the million questions that came to my mind.

I was delighted at the cleanliness of the streets, of the inhabitants, and the houses. This condition I found to be distinctly different from China, where the filth seems taken for granted.

Tokyo, though recently shattered by earthquakes, and nearly devoured by flames, was rapidly rising

from the wreckage again to form the center of the universe for all true Japanese.

We climbed up Kudan Hill, the highest in the vicinity of Tokyo, for a view of the city. There it lies, extending for miles along the bay,—a great metropolis, spreading its gay colors over miles of plains! It's a curious city. The principal street, Ginza, down which I drove in state, presents an amusing picture of East and West. Clanging American street cars passed 'rickshaws pulled by bare-legged coolies, and foreign motor cars with chauffeurs in livery crowded rude ox-carts.

I laughed long and loudly, in true American style, at the English translations under some of the Japanese shop signs. A barber describes himself as—"First-class head cutter." A butcher offers "Fresh young beef of Tokyo." One announcement read, "Baggage sent freely in all directions."

I looked with open mouth at the weird combinations the Oriental mind fancies for a wardrobe, and pictured myself striding down Fifth Avenue in the costume sported by one young chap on the streets of Tokyo. He was garbed in a white starched collar and a pair of western shoes. The rest of his attire consisted of a G-string. Others passed in frock coats with celluloid collars fastened around their bare and

shirtless necks, and gauze drawers taking the place of trousers. Of course, it was only the common people who were so comically attired. The wealthy of Japan pride themselves on their extensive and splendid wardrobes. You will often see a man of the better classes dressed in ultra Bond Street or Saville Row style; his wife may follow him garbed in the quaint rich old kimono of her grandmother. Everybody—men, women, and children, all seemed to carry fans.

Most of the streets are unpaved. The traffic is terrible and above the rush of wheels and the tramp of feet, rises a cloud of dust. If there has been a recent rain, you wallow around in ankle-deep mud. A trip on the New York subway train at the rush hour is a mere pleasure jaunt compared to a ride on the Tokyo street cars and busses. These public conveyances are jammed almost to suffocation, and are not able to carry all the would-be passengers. I tried a street car one day and was able to hold my breath for only two blocks, then I made a leap for fresh air.

Bicycles are everywhere. Yoshio told me that there are over 3,000 of them in Tokyo alone. They dodge in and out, this way and that, seriously complicating the problems of the motorist. Indeed they are the "Fords" of Japan. Many of them are so

cheaply and badly built it is a common sight to see them go to pieces in the street. Add to all these vehicles, thousands of carts drawn by bullocks, water-buffalo, horses, or men, and more thousands of men, women, and children on foot—all hurrying along, intent on getting somewhere in the crowded streets, and you have an idea of what modern Tokyo is like. In Tokyo one does not lean over the side of the car to speak to the policeman on duty; one must get out and stand on the ground if he wishes to address this dignitary. A policeman is poorly paid, but he finds great compensation in his prestige largely induced by his uniform and sword.

At times all seemed very much like New York—especially when I shut my eyes. At any hour of the day, I could hear the clatter and bang of steel riveters mingled with the whir of an electric hoist, and the roar of the concrete mixer.

Having passed through the successive stages of ordinary seaman, able seaman, and having qualified for the rank of quartermaster, I was anxious to regain my quartermaster's certificate. When, however, I was offered a job coaling on the *Winnipeg* of Grays Harbor, a lumber tramp sailing from Yokohama for Seattle early in the week, I smothered my pride and accepted. Never will I regret an ac-

tion more. In the ten days following, I went through a perfect hell. I repeatedly wished that I had risked starvation in Yokohama. A stoker's job is the hardest job in the world, bar none. And what is worse, it attracts the toughest characters of humanity.

It was four hours on, and four hours off. Down in the hold of that ship, hurling great shovelfuls of coal into a blistering hot furnace, the temperature ran from 110 to 140. Stripped to the waist, men blackened by coal dust sweated and cursed as they fought like demons to keep the steam pressure up.

I thought I should die the first day. Every few minutes I'd turn my scorched face from the furnace and step for a moment of relief to the cold air that shot down from the ventilators on deck. When I came off duty I was so exhausted that I could barely climb the three decks up that brought me out into the fresh air. Somehow I stumbled forward to the forecastle. Here, oblivious to my surroundings, I fell on the bunk in a sort of semi-stupor.

Each part of the forecastle was divided into separate divisions: ordinary seamen in one part; the able seamen in the other; and the black gang in a third. The filth of the black gang was indescribable. The fellows acted almost inhuman, eating with their

hands, and sleeping with their clothes on, living a life of unutterable ignorance. I'll never know how I survived through the trip.

When we arrived in Smith's Cove in Seattle in September I knew that we hadn't arrived a day too soon. I had lost twelve pounds, and the grind had nearly killed me. That's one stunt I'll never want to try again.

CHAPTER XI

YO, FROSH!

"READY-ALL to row! Stroke! Stroke! All right, gang. In and out! In and out!"

It was the coxswain chanting his little piece. And the sound thereof was music to my ears, for I was at last out for crew. Hour after hour, I sat happily in an anchored barge, pulling mightily with oars that had great holes in their blades. At odd moments, I sent up fervent thanks for the fish-pitching, flue-punching and longshoring which had given me muscles that made up for my lack of beef.

The second man in the University of Washington —the first being the Registrar—that I came in contact with, was Rusty Callow, Washington's famous crew coach. He was to be my guide as well as coach for the most hectic year in all my life.

Some people like to say there is no class spirit in America in colleges; but the freshman at Washington State University knows differently. For some inexplicable reason, I was elected president of my class

of 2500 students. I took my duties—and myself!—seriously.

Every two weeks we would have a meeting. There were always matters of moment to decide. Should the men in the class wear pants, or shirts, or both, to distinguish them from the members of the other classes? Should the girls wear stockings or socks, ribbons or hairpins, and so on. Of course, we were making these decisions for our sophomore year. The upperclassmen had thoughtfully made all the necessary decisions for our freshman year. The men, for instance, were easily distinguishable by a *petit chapeau* of green with a little white pearl button in the center. The freshmen girls were not less unmistakable by a certain giddiness and enthusiasm which wears off as the scholastic mill discharges scores of them every quarter. While they may enter fifteen hundred strong, commencement rarely sees more than three hundred surviving co-eds. Poor grades and Cupid account for most of the fatalities. Of the men, more stick it out.

One morning, the campus awoke to find a big green '28 on the sacred chimes tower. As president of the class of '28, it was up to me to appear before Dr. Suzzalo, President of the University, and do a little tall talking. I had thought up a fine speech, but it

sort of melted away when Prexy fixed me with a stern eye.

"Well, young man," he demanded, "what have you got to say for your class?"

"Nothing, sir," I stammered.

"That's exactly it—nothing!" he said. "Such outrages and vandalism must cease." He went on and on, concluding his argument with the query, "And now what have you got to say?"

"Nothing," I again said, and I slunk out of the Presence. But I meant to *do* something.

Two days later I called a special meeting of the class of 1928. Before two thousand eager, hungry souls (hungry, and eager to get home because class meetings preceded lunch) I addressed them as follows: "Fellow-members of the class of '28: You have done a shameful thing. When the rowdies of the class of 1928 resort to such vandalism, socialism, and boobism, it is time that we took things into our own hands and ferreted them out. Are we, as intelligent men and women of the University of Washington, going to stand for such a stigma as has been placed upon our fair name? No, a thousand times no!"

By this time, my hair was in my eyes and I was crushing the sheets of paper, on which I had written

notes, in my fist, and throwing them on the floor. This gave me an idea: "We shall crush them even as I crush this paper." (More business of crushing paper. Loud cheers from the audience.) "Do not let the fair name of the class of '28 be smirched by these demons.

"The meeting is adjourned! Go on your way and seek out these arch fiends!"

With this final burst of eloquence, I sank limply into the chair behind me while Meany Hall cleared.

That afternoon I superintended the repainting of the chimes tower until the last remnant of the green '28 was gone from view.

The time came to select a chairman of the Frosh Vigilance Committee. There were many likely candidates. This organization consisted of two freshmen from each fraternity and independent house on the campus. Its number often ran as high as a hundred, so that it took a man of iron will to control it.

The man I eventually picked was Jim Kyle—six feet, seven inches tall, 235 pounds stripped. Jim did his job, and did it well. It was a common sight to see him holding two freshmen bent at right angles, while he applied the oak. Most of the Vigilance gang traveled in twos and threes, but Jim traveled

alone and put the fear of God in any freshman contemplating disobedience of traditions. These traditions consisted of making a freshman feel as ridiculous as possible. He wasn't allowed to smoke; there were certain areas of the campus upon which he was forbidden to trespass. Talking to girls was forbidden in order to leave more freshman girls for upperclassmen. There were several other rules, all designed to work to the advantage of every one except the freshmen.

In addition to these interesting campus activities and my studies, I turned out for crew every afternoon from 3.30 to 5.30 P.M. Presently, I graduated from the barge into a shell barge and then a shell. After this step in my progress, the cry of "Ready-all! Row!" brought me a thrill, and I bent to the oar with a will.

Rusty's launch trailed us and his keen eyes watched the swirl from our oars as well as our form. From the swirl, he could tell whether or not we were putting our 180 pounds per stroke for thirty strokes a minute, sixty minutes an hour on every stroke. Once I tried to figure up the number of work pounds we did every afternoon, but when it went up into the scores of tons, I gave it up.

Tired and worn, we would pull back to the float.

About a quarter of a mile from the landing, the coxswain would coax us: "Twenty more strokes—1, 2, 3" etc., up to ten, and then 10, 9, 8, etc. Finally, we would hear the music of our hard-boiled cox's voice when he yelled: "Way enough!" We would glide up alongside the float (provided we had a skillful coxswain), and the managers would take hold of the outstretched oar-tips and pull us in.

Unlacing our foot-straps, we would wait for the coxswain's "Up and out," then step quickly onto the float and run into the boathouse with our oars. Coming back, we would pick the shell out of the water. If the surface of the lake was choppy, we would balance the shell on our knees and await the coxswain's orders, "Port under, up and over!" Then the port men would dash under the shell as it emptied its contents on them. Finally, with four men on either side, our fragile gondola would be placed on the racks.

"Well, Frank, what are you going to do?" one fellow would ask another.

"Try and make the hill and collapse until dinner time. Then I'm going to eat a big dinner and hit the hay."

"That's exactly my program, too," the first speaker would reply.

As the bunch of us got dressed and slowly climbed the hill to the Varsity Boat Club, I would think how lucky those fellows were to be able to sit down and eat a real dinner. Such dinners they were too: a one-pound beefsteak per man; mashed potatoes, spinach, tomatoes, lettuce, celery, raisin bread, fruit, a rich dessert, and a pitcher of milk per man to wash it down with.

But such was not for me. Catching the first car, I would arrive on the job at 6 P.M., out of breath, tired and hungry. An eight-hour shift loomed mighty big after the hours on the water. My mouth watered for the boat club dinner. But it took all of the precious half hour from 5.30 to 6.00 to get downtown and behind the counter of my job at the Y. M. C. A.

Here, one end of the counter was covered with glass. Beneath this glass were chocolate bars, peanuts and candies of all descriptions. This was where I made my dinner—a Hershey bar or two, and three or four bags of salted peanuts. Once a week the kids had a hot dog sale and the night following that I had meat for dinner—a hot dog.

For four hours, I was on my feet, waiting on the customers that came to the Y. M. C. A. from six to ten in the evening. At 10:00 my clerical duties were

over. Did I go home? No, not yet awhile. A half hour off to eat a bowl of hot soup and anything else that the candy hadn't spoiled for me. As I slid to the combination lunch and candy counter, I would sometimes say, "I don't feel like eating anything but I've got to eat to keep up my strength. What have you got tonight?"

The girl behind the counter at the Owl drugstore would reply, "I guess I'd better give you your stand-by then."

That girl was my dietician. She saw to it that I got the right amount of nourishment if I had to take it in concentrated doses.

"All right, fix it up for me and I'll hold my nose," I'd grumble.

"It's not as bad as that," she would remonstrate. "But I guess you do get tired of it." Then she would fix me a chocolate malted milk with four raw eggs and a yeast cake thrown in for good measure.

"An extra spoonful of malt," I would call to her, feeling that I might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb. And so my drink would come to me so thick that straws were useless and I would drink it out of the metal container, oftentimes literally holding my nose. But it kept me going.

Then taking a hitch in my belt—to make up for

the difference between the boat club dinner and my malted milk—I would say, "Thanks. Good-night," and hustle off to another job that lasted four hours.

This chore called for considerably more mule power than the other. All I had to do was clean up with a big push broom, move trunks and furniture, put the rubber plants and palmettos out of doors and mop the floors. At 2.30 I caught my car from the post office for the University district. Every night the same conductor would call to me a cheery hello. Making my way into the middle of the car, where it was warmest, I would settle down and start to study. Most nights I fell asleep. At 45th Street and University Way, I would feel someone shaking me and, looking up half dazed, would see Harry, the conductor, bending over me.

"Wake up, kid, here's where you get off. I've been calling you for five minutes and Jim (the motorman) is anxious to be on his way."

Night after night I was the sole occupant of the car as we reached the University district. Sticking my books under my arm, I would somehow manage to pull myself together and get off.

As I climbed the short hill from University Way to 15th Street, I used to think, "My legs won't go another step." But they always carried me the

three and a half blocks to the frat house. There I would be welcomed by cold and silence as I undressed in the dark and quietly crept out to the sleeping porch to avoid waking the fellows. And so to bed at 3:00 A.M.

At 7:30 the alarms would start going off. Pillows would be thrown, blankets torn off, and until 7:45 the sleeping porch was a scene of vigorous activity. Just time to wash up, snatch a bite to eat, and on the run to an 8 o'clock class.

From 8:00 to 3:30 classes, politics, and psychology. Then crew again—so my program ran.

Seattle has a mild climate, but there were many afternoons when we had to turn out for crew in a drizzling rain or sleet. It never really snowed, but it was so cold that our rest periods were necessarily very brief.

"Way enough!" would yell the coxswain after a long pull or a two-mile sprint. Then for never more than a minute, we would rest on our oars until the call of "Ready-all! Row!" would bring us into action again. Pulling back to the float after a long workout, my whole body would seem to say, "I can't pull another stroke, I can't pull another stroke." And the forearm of the hand that feathered the oar would feel as though it were tied in knots. Between

the aches and the pains, there would be periods of numbness when my arm seemed to lose all coördination with my mind. As I was a port oarsman, it was my right hand that night after night, blue and cold, seemed frozen to the handle. With my left hand I would pull it away and try to restore the circulation as the shell glided alongside the float.

Other nights the water would be choppy, and between the wind and the blades cutting the crest of the waves, the shell would nearly fill and we would pull up in a half sunken condition.

A shell weighs only 250 pounds. With eight men it ought not to be much of a job to lift it out of the water. But when we pulled in dog-tired this final chore always seemed to me to be the last straw.

"On the knees! Hold! Up and over!" the coxswain would yell and gallons of water would bathe the unlucky quartet that had to duck under.

Eight months of this intensive program began to have far-reaching effects. It broke down my resistance and when, in April, I contracted an infection in my left heel, I found myself powerless to throw it off.

With Doc Calhoun, whose son rowed many nights in the seat behind me in the shell, I fought it out. After four days at the University infirmary, a

Crew Turn-Out in a Glorious Setting. The Author in the Boat Just Leaving the Float.

The Author Undergoing a Sun Treatment with Head Shaved on Account of Fevers.

general septicemia developed and my temperature hit 106$\frac{4}{10}$ degrees.

I shall never forget the day they took me to the hospital. It was a beautiful spring day. The campus was alive with youth and color. The Frosh, with their little green caps, and the upperclassmen with their cords, formed a background for the co-eds in their spring finery. The smell of spring was in the air.

A hush had fallen over the campus—that dead silence which precedes the last bell, when every building discharges upon the campus scores of students hurrying from one class to the next.

Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted by the clang of a gong. The door to my room was opened and the nurse came in, followed by two young giants carrying a stretcher between them.

"They are taking you to the hospital, Ellery, but don't worry," she said. "It won't be serious."

"I hope not," I replied, "for I have a date to go to the Theta formal in three weeks."

"Oh, you'll be able to keep that all right, but Dr. Calhoun wants you where he can watch you more closely."

Too sick to move, I was rolled into the stretcher and carried out.

My first ambulance ride—thousands of students swarmed on the campus, laughing and joking, as I clanged my way through, past Bagley Hall, past old Meany and out into the street. The nurse in the ambulance propped my head up that I might take one last look at the brilliance of life around me.

"You'll be coming back in a few days," she comforted me.

How well I was to learn the hollowness of those words in the days that were to follow!

CHAPTER XII

ONE YEAR OF HELL

CLANG: Clang: Clang: It was fun to have the right of way down Seattle's Fifth Avenue at fifty miles an hour.

We backed up to the hospital door and I was shot out into what looked like a meeting of the Ku Klux Klan. There were whisperings and mutterings among the white robed nurses and internes as I catapulted into their midst. But before I could say Jack Robinson I was put on a wheeled stretcher and rolled where there was a hefty draught above me, below me and on both sides. During my progression down the corridor I was horribly embarrassed for I had a hard time keeping my frock down. I will never forget those hospital nightgowns: Three bundles of knots down the back, and the hem at a line drawn half way between knees and hips, no garment for a modest man in a gale. But I was too sick to protest. I just grinned and let the show go on.

More whisperings and mutterings—"Everything

all right? . . . Has the doctor come yet? . . . Is No. 9 ready? . . . Which floor? . . . Is the surgery ready? . . . Take that other stretcher out of the elevator. . . ."

Then a deep, booming voice. "Well, young man, how are you? I see you got here all right. How do you feel?"

"Never felt better in my life, Doctor Calhoun."

"Fine. You are going to have a little operation in a few minutes. Nothing to worry about."

And I was whisked away into an elevator and down another hall filled with the smell of ether. There was almost enough anæsthetic in the atmosphere to put me out, but for good measure they proceeded to plant a nozzle on my nose.

As I lay on the operating table, I saw scores of lights above me and on every side, all in bright metal reflectors. When this battery of lights was turned on I had to shut my eyes in self-protection.

More muttering—"Everything ready? . . . Have you a tourniquet? . . . What scalpels is the doctor going to use? . . . How many have you laid out? Ether or gas? . . . First operation? . . . Whose case? . . . Any X-rays? . . . Is the anæsthetist here?" . . . And so on.

The nozzle was adjusted more firmly, a sweet,

sickly smell invaded my nostrils. I raised a hand in feeble protest, but it was immediately snatched and held down by a husky Filipino interne who stood alongside the table waiting for just such an opportunity to demonstrate his authority. I tried to lift the other hand, but the nurse was taking my pulse. And how that girl held hands. Then I twisted my head and a voice from far away said, "Here. Here." I twisted the other way. But the nozzle always followed. I felt myself growing weaker and weaker.

. . .

Pretty soon I started to whirl around—round and round the operating room. I just barely missed the sterilizer. Then I shot past the sink going at about forty, past the oxygen tanks, and around again even faster. Crash! I hit the boiler and all was black.

I was sick—awfully sick, but I thought I smelled fresh air. I took a deep breath and found that I was right. When I opened my eyes, someone was bending over me. What I was later to call "smothering" had begun.

My visitor was crooning a little tune. I couldn't believe my eyes. I had expected a pretty nurse as the reward for all my labors. Instead, here was the Queen of the Amazons, in the form of "Aunt Helen," bent over me—twenty-four hands high and fourteen

axe-handles and a tobacco can wide. Aunt Helen was a sort of campus relative or college widow. She had no children of her own and doted on visiting sick students and fussing over them.

With a shudder, I heard her voice droning, "There, there, lie still." I was disappointed and righteously indignant. Why hadn't they given me a beautiful Madonna, some lovely creature to caress my hot head with cool slender hands; someone with large brown eyes and a pretty mouth. But, after all, beggars cannot expect to be choosers. I shut my eyes.

When I opened them again, my visitor was gone. I looked around me. High white screens were all about my bed. Directly overhead the ceiling was cracked and stained. A brown spot here and there showing where water had made its way through. I was in a ward. The systematic bustle of the nurses seemed to fill the big room. On the next cot to me, a man was dying. I closed my eyes again—wished that I could close my ears, too.

"Let me get out of this," I begged Aunt Helen that afternoon. "There isn't a private room empty," she told me, "but we'll see what we can do."

I was now fully out of the ether and rearing to go. She left me for a minute and then returned with

good news. "The doctor says you may go to the University Infirmary in a few days, if you are good."

After all, Aunt Helen was a decent scout. In a few days I was taken out to the campus. They put my bed close to the window.

Outside in the sunlight, I saw boys and girls hurrying to and from classes or stopping to chat between bells. Girls walking arm in arm, dressed in many colored smart little costumes; boys, husky fellows striding along, with easy joyous gait, pausing to hail a fellow-student, maybe to warn him not to forget to come out for the workout on the lake that afternoon; maybe to convey the news that Charteris had been elected Captain of the season's track team. Voices came floating up through the warm, lazy air—the shrill and excited tones of girls, and the deeper mellow voices of the boys.

In the distance, my tensed nerves sensed the pant and strain of a heavily laden freight making its slow way east up the long, steep grade. The tooting of the horns and occasionally the whistle of boats jarred my nerves. A twitch of pain in my leg, a hot poker burning through my flesh and burying its head in my bones, dissipated my wandering thoughts. Then began a siege of endless days in my narrow white bed. A week that crawled like a crippled

snail. Finally, when I had almost forgotten how they looked, I was allowed to see my friends, who all came like good scouts, littering my room with flowers and gifts. Doctor Calhoun bucked me up more than anybody else. He would come in with a cheery "hello," pat my shoulder and reel off an amusing story or so.

As time went on and I began to grow stronger, I gradually resumed my direction of class activities from my room. My committees and I held consultations concerning the policy of the class. Plans were made to raise funds for various activities and views voiced as to the individual merits of the new candidates for the different sports which would start with the coming of the spring.

My foot required constant attention. Every morning I went through an operation of dressings.

Then came May in all its beauty—warm, crisp, sunny. Spring fever took a strong hold on the Campus. Nights saw happy couples walking about arm in arm. Spring took hold of me too. There were times when I couldn't bear the mocking glamour of the moonlight that rested delicate beckoning fingers on my window sill. The world was young; I was young. It hurt.

Finally the time came when I could get about on

crutches. Just to feel the sunshine again was a wonderful relief. Everybody congratulated me upon my recovery and my fellow-students bucked me up saying that I would soon be back on the lake.

Another week or so, and I was getting out a few hours daily trying to sell insurance.

Bert Heinz, a fellow-student, accosted me one day. He said: "How would you like to get a job on my Dad's ranch?"

I was surprised and asked him what I could possibly do in my condition.

He brushed my question aside. "We'll find something for you to do, even if it comes to tutoring me."

He told me of his father's farm near Chelan in the Columbia River apple country. The scene he pictured was an inviting one.

"Thanks a thousand, big boy," was all I could say. I had no place to go for the summer and the infirmary would close when school did. I had dreamed of going to summer school, but this chance to get out of the city was too wonderful to pass up.

I shall not soon forget that trip. The painful recollection of it still stands out vividly. It was four hundred miles from Seattle to my destination. The trip was made at night on a day coach filled with foreign workers, German and Japanese laborers,

whining children, tired mothers, and a very irritated conductor. As I had not been out of bed long the jolting of the car hurt my leg considerably.

I had to change cars. In making the change, I slipped and jolted an already badly abused limb. After that, I kept my face glued to the window. I watched the light from the car, dancing about crazily on two slim shafts of steel, as we whirled along, over slender trestles, above deep gorges, or through long tunnels. Dawn broke. In the distance were snow-topped mountains and fertile orchards stretched out on every side, but I was too sick to appreciate the grandeur of the scenery.

The ranch was owned by a prosperous apple grower, who had a wonderful wife. They were good, kind folk and most industrious. I arrived in a season of great activity and intense heat. There were many men on the ranch sweltering in the June heat. I was supposed to pay $40 a month for board, part of which was to be earned, and the balance to be taken care of when I got on my feet. But my suffering was so intense that I was unable to work. I had to attend to the dressing of my wound myself—an operation which brought no relief. My days were spent in sitting on a porch, or out in the sun, peeling vegetables and fighting off the flies. My old

friends, the onions, were on deck at least every other day. But I fear that the tears they evoked were a good deal more salty than those Hasty and I shed in New Orleans.

I had wasted away until I weighed about one hundred pounds. I could count my ribs beneath my tanned skin. My head had to be shaved to save my hair. I felt I looked like Gandhi.

The monotony of my stay was relieved by the arrival of my brother, who spent a week with me. We had many long talks. He would burst out with a touching bit of enthusiasm in an attempt to make me more optimistic, promising that as soon as possible he would get together a sum of money and see whether he couldn't help me out of this horrible fix. He was a fine looking fellow and strong as an ox. Brave, too.

One night we were sitting on the porch steps talking. Nearby one of the ranch children was playing at some game or other just within the radius of the porch light. There was a buzzing like that of a giant cricket. Looking about with an instinctive feeling of alarm, the child uttered a frightened little cry.

My brother heard the ominous rattle. Leaping from the steps, he grabbed a stick nearby, and rush-

ing out in the semi-darkness thrashed well-directed blows at a giant rattler. Two or three good strokes and the snake was stretched out dead. Peggy, the dog, killed live snakes and, bitten, would get sick for three days, but always do it again.

The summer was over all too soon. The outdoor life had built me up generally, but the pain in my leg had increased. One morning, after trying to thank the rancher and his family for their wonderful kindness to me, I left for Seattle and was soon back in the old T. X. House once more, a noisy place if ever there was one; cat calls and yells, heavy tramping about on the thin floors. But the fellows were glad to see me. That helped. They made things as comfortable as possible for me, but there is no holding a gang in a frat house. They came and went at all hours; I didn't get much sleep.

It was expensive, too; and my financial condition was a most distressing one. It was a job to keep the wolf from the door. To be exact, when I returned to the Campus that fall, my worldly wealth consisted of $7.00 in cash, two suits that showed signs of giving way in most personal places, shoes that had seen many a good mile, and shirts with frayed collars and nicely marked sleeves. Not so hot.

I decided to leave the frat house. After consid-

erable looking about, I located a boarding house in the University district where I could get breakfast and dinner for $35 a month. My luncheon, which consisted of a glass of milk, was an added expense.

The boarding house was run by a shrewd middle-aged woman, a stout red-faced person with a thrifty soul and a quick temper. She was certainly a busy woman. The place was crowded. The second floor was given over to girls; the third to boys, three to a room, mostly fellows who were taking post-graduate courses in law and medicine, or working downtown. They were intensely studious and worked late into the night. Many of them were earning their way through school.

I slept out on one of the porches; that is, when I could find time for sleep. During the day, I earned my living by selling accident insurance. It was a house to house job, not very easy for Seattle is built on many hills and the streets are steep. Those days were long, from ten to twelve hours. The irony of my job amused me—selling accident insurance on crutches. Well, it made an excellent sales talk. In the evenings I studied money and banking. It was an extension course, a lot of which I could handle by correspondence.

The struggle to make ends meet often brought

about a despondent mood. I became more and more depressed and it was only with an effort that I kept propelling myself from day to day.

One day the secretary of the Rotary Club called on me. He had heard in some way of my accident and of the struggle I was having. He made me tell more, listening with a kindly ear while I unburdened myself. I confessed to him ambitions that I had jealously guarded from my fellows. He was a wise man and gave me encouraging advice. But he gave me something more practical than verbal encouragement. He insisted that I accept a small monetary loan, which he explained was not to be repaid in less than ten years and not more than twenty! I'll never be able to explain what this did for me. It stiffened my backbone and my upper lip; it put a warm glow in my heart. I no longer felt that I was fighting the world single-handed.

There was another ray of sunshine about this time. Dinty,—only that isn't her name, of course,—came to board at our house. Small and plucky and Irish she was, with great blue eyes and a smile to warm the heart of the most forlorn human. From the moment I laid eyes on her, I knew that she was the sweetest thing in the world. But, of course, I had to keep that to myself. Her family lived in Vic-

toria, B. C. They were poor people and were not able to help. Working like a little Trojan as a secretary during the day, she was never too tired to try to cheer me up when she came home at night. When Dinty beat up my pillows for me, or smoothed my forehead, I forgot about the pain. I forgot lots of things.

The same old grind continued through the late fall into winter and then into April. The condition of my leg did not improve. My constitution was under a considerable strain, of course; try as I could, my condition became steadily worse. I had eleven operations altogether that year.

One day I visited the boat house. There was the old Varsity Boat Club Gang, all big fellows averaging more than six feet three, in a rough and ready gang. I watched them as they climbed into their shells, each in his position waiting for the signal to start I watched them as they dug their oars into the smooth surface, backs strained, faces set, pulling with steady, powerful strokes, cutting the water clean and leaving a seething wake. Watched them as they gained speed and swung out into the lake, their oars flashing in the sunlight. The sound of the coxswain's metallic-like voice calling—*two—three—four*, until it became indistinct. How I wanted to

be out there! I could not stand it longer. Better leave now and go somewhere, I thought. I had reached the limit of my endurance. There must be some way out. I would make a decided change, and at once.

Next morning I sold two insurance policies which brought me $150. That night I talked it over with good old Frankie, my closest friend. Where should I go? I was undecided. Then I remembered my former days at sea. Frankie brought out a schedule of Hawaiian sailings. Forty-eight hours later I was off with only the balance of my $150 between me and destitution. But my ticket read "Honolulu."

CHAPTER XIII

I REACH THE CROSSROADS

I STRUGGLED up the steep gangplank and then on to the windy deck. Now that I was at last bound for a distant land, the plan adopted and by way of being executed, how strange it all seemed! What a wild plan! Once aboard ship, the full realization of the radical course I had taken came home to me with a shock. I understood the steward's skeptical gaze. Who wouldn't look with surprise at a boy on crutches who came aboard as a first-class passenger in a tattered suit, and with a battered old bag as his sole piece of luggage?

I turned about for a moment to watch the few passengers struggle aboard. There was one family, papa, mama, Johnnie, and little Bessie, on their way for a month of play on the beaches of Waikiki, or to witness the weird sights the Far East held for them. The sight of them laughing and talking together made me feel apart and very lonely.

I was startled by a voice at my elbow. I turned

to see a charming young girl, black-eyed and dark-haired. She spoke with a quick smile.

"Isn't it all so exciting, this getting off?"

I mumbled some indistinguishable reply; tried to frame an appropriate answer. I wondered why she had spoken to me. But then life aboard a ship as a passenger was strange to me. I did not realize the informality of it.

We talked for a moment. In a little while, I had found out that she was by herself, that her name was Joan, and that she was returning from school in Washington to the home of her parents in Hawaii. This marvelous interruption, this bringing me out of a land of shadows lifted my spirits at once. I eagerly made a date to meet Joan later.

The next day, I settled down to enjoy my first sea voyage as a passenger, little dreaming that this was to be the first of many. The ocean breezes and the evenings with Joan at my side peering over the rail at the streaming foam, or sitting about a card table, made life worth living, even though it was a constant battle to keep up courage when the pain became almost unbearable. The ship's doctor warned me to watch my foot. He told me frankly that he feared further complications might set in any moment.

By the third day out, Joan had found out a lot

about my life, and about my present predicament. She insisted on radioing her mother, who urged that when we landed, I would make her house my home until I was able to locate a suitable hotel. I objected, explaining that I had left Seattle largely because I was tired of being a drag on my friends. But Joan, armed with a welcoming message from her family, soon overruled my feeble objections.

The light of Moliki blinking far off our port was the first sign that our voyage was nearly done. We neared the harbor of Honolulu early on the morning of the seventh day, but we were compelled to anchor off Waikiki for a time and await the doctor's inspection. The scene was marvelous; the tropical sunrise magnificent. The sky was shot with crimson and yellow. The water had a slight ripple as a gentle breeze stirred its surface. I was entranced with Hawaii.

On the shore, off to our starboard, the cocoanut palms nodded as if wooing mysterious dreams. Ahead were the buildings of Honolulu, the city that was to be my home for six months; where I was to fight for my life, develop new friends, and leave minus a leg. We slowly steamed past Fort Armstrong, scattering the sampans crowding beneath our bows.

When we entered the harbor of Honolulu and swung toward the dock, the orchestra started to play *The Song of the Islands*. A sampan filled with Japanese fishermen bobbed about in the wake, and dark-skinned wharf rats swam toward us. They swarmed on the ship, climbed up on the pilot house and up on the boats, diving from these places, sixty and seventy feet, with beautiful grace. Down into the dirty harbor water they would go, searching about for coins passengers tossed to them.

I landed with fifteen dollars in my pocket. Thirty-five more awaited me in a premium check that had arrived via San Francisco. Fifty Dollars! I was rich indeed! The hospitable Aults put me up for three days, which gave me an opportunity to look about for a cheap place to live.

The first day I wandered up and down the beach from Fort De Russy to Diamond Head, looking at every kind of shack imaginable. I was trying to find a place on the beach so that I might lie in the sand and get the benefit of the sun. But most of the available places were dark and dirty. They were costly, too, renting for from $60 to $70 a month. On the second day, Billy Pittman, a fine fellow I had met on the boat, drove me about. We would pull up to some little place bargain hunting, Billy would

jump out and grab my crutches and help me out.

But we could find nothing. At last, out of desperation, I went to the Halekulani Hotel. Here it was beautiful and clean, perfectly ideal, in fact, but very expensive. I was in a quandary. It seemed foolish to pay $125 a month for accommodations, but the food was excellent and I was very sick. The pain from my leg had become almost unbearable. I had eleven wounds that required daily dressing. Day in and day out, I felt a throbbing all through my body. It seemed as though I would burst apart.

To cut a long story short, I decided to make Halekulani my headquarters and paid down forty dollars, not knowing where the rest was to come from. The better the place, the better the people, and the better the people, the better the job, I figured.

Clifford and Juliet Kimball, the owners of the hotel, introduced me to a good many people. As Halekulani, which means in Hawaiian "House of God," is on the beach at Waikiki I was able to lie in a chaise longue on the cool green lawn and watch the surf riders and bathers. It was a grand sight to see the natives use their surf-boards. They would go way out, just beyond where the breakers began to crest, and wait for a big one. Then they would

come tearing in through the foam. The surf-board was hidden in the water and it looked as if they were riding on a cloud!

The six weeks after my arrival were a succession of beautiful days. The air was warm and balmy. As a rule, in the afternoon a light breeze would spring up which would bring out many small sailboats. One could see them tacking about offshore. The scene was a lively one. Some days I took long drives with Billy about the island. One day we went to the top of Punchbowl Hill which lies directly back of Honolulu. Several hundred feet below lay the city spread out like a gorgeous colored gown, foliage everywhere. The flower trees were in all their glory. Tall palm trees formed a regal background. The colors—purple, gold, and crimson—edged the panorama with flame. Off the shore, as far as the eye could reach, stretched the peaceful sea. And above, the whole heaven wore an effulgent glow, giving back color for color. I had never seen a place so strange and yet so lovely.

One day, Billy said that he would show me the most beautiful sight in the world. Late that afternoon, we drove into the Monoa Valley. He had certainly spoken the truth. A delicate misty rain was falling. The mountains behind us were hung

with a rainbow of colors, so bright and clear that they seemed to have been laid on by a painter's brush. I drank in the beauty of this surprising scene. I was certain, even with my pain, that the lure of Hawaii was wrapping itself about me. Night after night I sat on the beach watching and listening to the surf roll in. The beach boys came many times and played for me.

One night when I was stretched out on the sand beneath the palms, I heard a voice behind me say, "Would you like to go for a ride, young man?"

I turned and found the speaker to be a very distinguished looking gentleman whom I had seen in the dining room at Halekulani many times. I told him I should like to go. After dinner, he came for me in his car. As we drove over the Pali and around Diamond Head, we talked of Hawaii, and of the mistaken ideas that many Americans have of the geography and history of the island. He said something that made me think he must be affiliated with the Government. I said as much.

"Yes," he told me lightly, "I hold a minor clerkship here."

That evening when I got back to Halekulani, someone said to me, "I see you have been out riding with Governor Brown."

"What's that!" I exclaimed.

Again, I was told that I had been riding with Raymond Brown, Secretary of Hawaii and, at that time, acting governor. The next morning when his Excellency came out to bowl on the green at Halekulani, I said, "Good morning, Minor Clerk."

He laughed heartily. Ever since that time, I have called him "Mr. M. C."

My leg at this time was giving me so much pain that Mrs. Moore, one of my friends, insisted that I see a Dr. White, a noted surgeon who was in charge of the Children's Hospital. Dr. White proved to be one of the most sympathetic and efficient men I had ever met. He recommended heliotherapy,—meaning only good old sun baths.

This treatment helped to build me up, but it did not seem to relieve the pain or stop the infection which finally went to my thigh. With this last development I became sick of it all, and felt on the verge of giving up the ship. Certainly I was in no condition to receive the blow which was to come shortly.

Dr. White held a consultation with three other physicians. Their verdict was unanimous; my leg would have to be amputated to save my life. My worst fears were realized. I fought with myself;

I fought with every one else. I swore I'd rather die than become a cripple for life. That if I had to lose a leg, better return to the States and have it amputated there. Then I was told that in my present condition I had just forty-eight hours to live. For fourteen long months, I had battled against losing my leg. This ultimatum was too much. I struggled with myself. I thought I would go mad. Then Fred Carter, a friend who had lost his leg in an accident, came to my aid. He talked to me for a long while. Finally, he persuaded me that life can be worth living even if one has lost a foot. Gradually, he convinced me, and I became reconciled to the inevitable.

That afternoon I was helped out of the hotel by Mr. and Mrs. Brooks to their car and we drove downtown to Queen's Hospital. I knew that when I left that hospital I would leave my foot behind me.

If it had not been for the kindness and generosity of Raymond Brown, and my other friends, I would have had to share a ward with the natives. Mr. Brown had argued many hours with me that I should take what money I needed from him and my other friends, to pay my expenses. He promised me that I could pay it back when I was well again. I didn't want something for nothing, but there was no alter-

native. It was sink or swim—so I swam with Secretary Brown.

That first night in the hospital was one of those tropical nights, still and hot. My door was left open to cool the room. Across the corridor, I watched the attendants while they wheeled patients to and from the operating room. I thought of the morrow when I would go through that door into the operating room.

Late in the evening, a nurse came in and shaved and painted my leg, wrapping it about in sterilized towels. I sat in a daze and watched the preparation, fighting against cowardice, gritting my teeth, knowing that it would all be over in a few hours. A Portuguese priest stopped by to comfort me and give his blessing. He was dressed in black, and about his neck hung a large golden crucifix. He talked in broken English. His eyes were full of compassion and his voice was gentle. But I wanted him to go away; I wanted to be alone with my own bitter thoughts.

Morning dawned.

Never had the world looked so black. I was bundled into a stretcher and wheeled down the porch into the elevator and up to the surgery. Through the doors, I could see the glaring whiteness

of the operating table around which were masked attendants, busy getting out shining instruments. Then I was given ether. After that, everything was a blank for five days.

It seems that I grew steadily worse. Another operation was necessary: this time eight inches of bone was taken away. I was put under ether every morning for three days in an attempt to rid my body of poison. I went down to ninety pounds and I suffered hell. Six black months followed. I spent the time between the hotel and the hospital. My generous friends were giving much of their time and bearing all of the expenses of a six months' illness. Yet, in addition, they were sending candy, flowers and books. Coming in to see me, day after day, and doing everything possible to make life pleasant.

Gradually, I began to get better.

CHAPTER XIV

MOTHERING VS. SMOTHERING

AT last the time came late in the summer following my long siege in Queen's Hospital, when I began preparations for a return to my former home at the Kimballs' out at Waikiki.

The prospect of a change came as a welcome relief. I had begun to feel down at the heels in spirit; sometimes I wondered if I would ever leave the hospital. Heavens, how I had come to dread the smell of drugs and ether! The starched uniforms of the internes and nurses, the horrible stiffness of the whole place, had got on my threadbare nerves.

"Your sentence is up. You get out tomorrow," was Dr. White's brief comment one Monday morning long after my entrance into the hospital.

On hearing this news, I burst into exuberant song. As I reached a lofty note, recognition of my talent was voiced by a nurse who came rushing down the hall from the maternity ward: "Say, young man, you'll have to stop that racket," she commanded.

But even this bucket of cold water could not dampen my high spirits. I was already counting the days until I would be able to hobble about on crutches.

When the day came, my friends, the Brooks of Pasadena, drove me slowly home in their big gray Cadillac. Two months before at just such a pace, they had driven me to the hospital with two legs; now I was leaving with one. The car wound its slow way to the hotel. Mr. and Mrs. Brooks kept up a lively conversation on the way to buoy my spirits up. How different it seemed out in the sun! The old blood began hitting the high spots again.

Evidently the doctor had telephoned ahead, for when we pulled up at the steps of the hotel, I was given a hearty welcome. It made me feel like a Cæsar returning from a conquest. Every one had a good word, from Mr. Kimball, the manager, down to Jim, the placid-faced Chinese bellboy.

"What will it be, turkey or chicken?" called Hiro, the Japanese who brought me my meals, as he greeted me with a warm smile.

"A double order of both, Hiro, lots of gravy, and toss the cranberries on heavy," I returned.

There was much bustling and yessing at the doctor's orders and I was carried up the steps by two stalwart beach boys, feeling a little self-conscious

under the gaze of inquisitive and sympathetic guests. It was with a sigh of relief that I sank into a comfortable bed.

"Feeling all right?" asked Dr. White.

"Tired," I replied, "but in form for a mighty stiff struggle if there's any question of my return to that jail."

Finally, after a lot of well-meant fussing from the feminine guests who crowded my room, the multitude dispersed and I had a chance to breathe.

How different this was from the smallness and drabness of the hospital. I was in a large glorious room, one of the finest in the hotel. There was a high ceiling and blue-tinted walls covered with gay pictures, and on the floor were bright new mattings. Friends had filled the place with flowers, and some kind Samaritan had thought to mix me a delicious drink.

Through the open window blew a gentle breeze bringing me the sound of the surf and the smell of salt air. What a paradise! How peaceful, how different! And yet, I was constantly haunted by my indebtedness to these people.

I hated the feeling of having to accept so much from them. I ached to be on my feet again and start paying off the money I owed. There were so many

things—kindness, generosity, understanding—that I could never hope to repay. It was all pretty depressing. I had to remind myself over and over that a man may be *down* but he's never *out*.

This period after my operation was a never-ending struggle to regain my health and my spirits. In the company of my friends, I slowly began to regain an optimistic outlook.

Raymond Brown dropped in the second night after my return to the hotel, bringing with him a very pretty little lady, Sally Green, of St. Louis. Sally had blue eyes, a "wind-blown" bob, and a smile that swept you off your feet.

She and I became cronies of the first water. She would read to me by the hour. Day after day she would drop around, bringing her friends. My room became the social center at one end of the beach. Never a day passed that I did not have at least eleven or twelve visitors. The majority of times many more. Finally, the doctor had to hang a sign on the door to give me a chance to take a few deep breaths before the next scrimmage set in.

In my helpless condition, I found myself transposed from an active man's environment to that strange realm known as a "woman's world." A few days in this new-world atmosphere, and I discovered that

there were two radically different types of women: those that "mother" you and those that "smother" you.

For a time, I resented all feminine influence. I wanted to be a "he" man; hence I shunned the too-ready sympathy of women. But even the stoutest must succumb eventually. From an absolutely defiant attitude to one of tolerance; then to one of friendly dependence on the right kind of "mother," was the metamorphosis through which I passed. It was a slow transition because it was inhibited every once in a while by a "smotherer."

There was one smotherer in particular who irked me. She would come trotting into my room at break of day with an armful of straggly plants literally alive with insects. This called for an ardent "Thank you," and of course a show of delight. She would bring me chicken soup and stand with arms folded watching me with smug satisfaction while I forced myself to consume it. I learned to hate all soup. I learned to fear all women who take out their mothering instincts in smothering.

A month after I left the hospital, I was forced to return to undergo my sixth operation. By this time, I had become so familiar with ether that I didn't struggle when it was administered. It was all over

Is it Any Wonder I Dictated Two Hundred Letters a Month?

NATIVE HUTS ON THE FIJI ISLANDS.

in a moment, one deep whiff, then there came a whirling rest—for a time. When I came out from this heaven of blankness, I would experience intense moments of pain, a throbbing agony that played havoc with my nerves, making me feel as jumpy as the devil.

Night after night, I would struggle for sleep. Finally, I would fall into an exhausted stupor for an hour or two, only to awaken, covered with a cold clammy sweat. Every nerve taut, I was constantly fighting off some imaginary obstacle. It was a battle to keep from letting out a war whoop. The doctor wanted me to take morphine to calm my overwrought nerves. I did not like the idea. That guardian of mine, Sergeant Montair had drilled into me for three years the slogan "Grin and bear it!"

Each night two little white pills were placed on the table beside my bed and the doctor would leave with the warning: "Now, Ellery, if that leg keeps you from sleeping take these at midnight."

"You know me, Doctor," I would say, "but I might weaken yet."

The doctor would close the door and leave me alone with only my pain for company. Those nights seemed like one long nightmare. Time and again I would go nearly frantic, pull back the covers and jump out of bed and audibly count the pulsations in my leg. One, two, three, four, five. . . .

Those first few weeks Hiro, the Japanese servant who cared for my room, would sometimes come in and make me return to bed. Most nights I would crawl back alone—no one the wiser.

One thing that brightened those hours was the coming of the dawn. As I watched the purple change to orange and the orange change to pink I would think how few people were lucky enough to watch the sunrise *every* morning.

The sheets were sometimes chewed—for often I sang during the night and the only way you can sing before people are awake is with your mouth stuffed!

The song I sang was *Doodle Do Do*. It's a great song if you have any pain. When you feel a groan is coming an extra big *Do* will always suppress it.

Morning would finally come. Dr. White would dash in to see me. On the table beside my bed—with an empty glass to keep them company—lay two little white pills.

My condition began to improve in the pleasant atmosphere about the hotel, and with physical improvement came a mentally far more cheerful outlook. When the nurse who had been with me finally left, I was forced to look about for an inexpensive helper who would take her place. Raymond Brown volunteered to look for someone. Several days later,

he returned with his find, an alert young Japanese named Asahi. Asahi slept at the foot of my bed on a couch.

He slept like a log and to awaken him necessitated more than a verbal command. I hit upon the scheme of tying one end of a bandage around his neck. A quick jerk and Asahi would shoot up like a Jack out of a box. The rope nearly strangled him one night, so after that I had him tie the bandage about his big toe. That worked.

During my six months stay in Hawaii, I met a good many picturesque characters who were floating about Honolulu, but probably the most colorful of the lot was "Steamboat Bill." Good old Steamboat, he smelled to high Heaven. When we were outside together, I always insisted that I be allowed to sit to windward. But Steamboat was a wonderfully kind person; there was nothing the old boy would not do for me. We became friends for life. He taught me Hawaiian. When I left I gave him a new sweat shirt with LIFE GUARD in big letters on the back. He was mighty proud of that.

When I had far enough recovered to go outside, Asahi and Steamboat would carry me out on the lawn to a place in front of Halekulani under a giant algaroba tree. From this point of vantage overlook-

ing Gray's Beach, the most peopled section along the waterfront, I could watch the multiple activities of the beach. Here in the glorious sun I spent many enjoyable hours reading and dictating letters to Sally. Even with my hours of leisure I found it hard to keep up my correspondence. Many of my friends had left the Island, sailing to all parts of the globe. I began to feel like a sailor with a "girl" in every port.

From my throne on the beach, I watched the lively scene spread out before me. Women in pretty summer dresses, whites and blues and a hundred delicate shades, were playing about on the sands with children turned a healthy brown by the sun's warm rays. There seemed to be literally dozens of these little rascals, wandering about in shallow depressions, wetting their feet at the water's edge.

I would watch the natives, fellows with their magnificent physiques wrestling about on the beach, or standing upright superbly balanced on surf-boards, or swimming about in the water with powerful strokes.

In the evenings I would listen enraptured to the sound of Hawaiian music as it floated in perfect melody over the still night air. With envy I'd watch fellows walk past on the beach with their arms about the waist of some girl.

When finally I was forced to return to my room,

I would gaze out at the semi-darkness; the moonbeams broken by the square frames of the window panes made the opening look like the bars of a prison. It made me feel caged in.

It was not long before the lawn under the algaroba tree became a gathering place for the gang.

"Hey, Misty," some fellow would shout, "meet you at Ellery's about four this afternoon."

"All right, old boy, we'll probably see Sue and the rest of the crowd there."

I was monarch of every blade of grass beneath that tree. My palace was a gay colored parasol. My throne was the chaise longue. It was the base from which the crowd would work out. They met there for a visit, then a stroll up the beach or a dip in the surf.

There were two efficient natives, Chick and Duke, who hung around the beach. When I was thirsty I would point to a cocoanut palm; a general's command never received more obedient action. All I had to say was, "What are the chances?" Then those two brown-skinned boys would tumble over each other in their effort to reach the base of the tree. Up they would climb, arms and knees gripping the slippery bark, thirty feet or more in the air in an effort to beat each other to the dangling fruit at the top.

A friend of mine, Eddie Haggist, would occasionally bring a pineapple right from the field. That was a treat. Those pineapples were to me what watermelons are to the darkies—cool, juicy, delicious.

Misty would often take me for a drive in his snappy Packard. Wednesdays we would drive down to the wharf and watch the Matson boats leave, bound for San Francisco. Sometimes we would watch the barefooted natives playing ball games in the big empty lot near the hotel.

Late in October, I started to walk on crutches. It was like learning to totter around all over again. I felt as helpless as a baby. I had the uncertain sensation that you have when you try to get about on stilts. You are constantly harried by awkwardness. Over-anxious people, while trying to help me, kept me in constant danger of being tripped up. They would rush to open a door, and in their haste nearly knock a crutch from under my arm. My anxiety to get about brought on a setback.

The infection jumped to my right side. It meant back to the hospital. This time, four inches of bone were removed from my right leg. Number seven—and my good pin too. Oh, well, it was all in the game, and you can't win by crying.

Doctor White feared that this last operation would

weaken my morale to the breaking point. He spoke to Clifford Kimball, the owner of Halekulani, about it.

"We'll have to get him out of the hospital and see if we can't find a change of climate. It's the only thing that will bring him around. Otherwise, I'm afraid his condition will become dangerous."

Raymond Brown came to me after the doctor advised a sea trip. We talked it over and decided that as soon as I was able once more to get about, I would book passage for the South Seas and return. The money I was saving to return to Seattle would just about cover expenses.

With a prospect of change in view, I fought for strength. Day after day I took sun-baths under the cloudless skies. First for five minutes; then I was able to stand it for longer periods. After one of these treatments the shade came as a relief. Two weeks before the time for my departure, I was again able to get about on crutches.

One week before I sailed I experienced my first night's sleep *in one year and seven months*. It made me feel like a new man. The ship was to sail on Monday at ten P.M. After dinner, good old Misty drove me down to the wharf. Again I climbed aboard the *Niagara*. This time onto the second class deck.

I was tempted to lock myself in the room once aboard the ship. But I found I was sharing it with four others! I hated to leave Honolulu. I was leaving behind friends and venturing on a trip with a rather lonely outlook. The boat set sail and I went to the railing. There the crowd stood on the wharf, waving a last farewell. Someone sang *Aloha Oe.*

I cast my leis away one by one. The Aloha Tower lights winked once, then twice, slowly; then quickly flashed saying, "Good-bye, but I know you'll come again!"

At last the ship swung out towards the mouth of the harbor. I lost sight of the crowd on the dock. I had a choking sensation; all I could do was grit my teeth. I saw Diamond Head loom up against the stormy sky. My heart acted queerly. The moon broke through the clouds for a moment. Don Blanding's line about the moon came crowding into my mind: "Like a great gold coin tossed to those ragged vagabonds—the clouds!"

I, too, was a ragged vagabond. The gold coins were the farewells and good wishes that my friends were flinging upward to me.

CHAPTER XV

"THE ONE-LEGGED DEVIL"

THE ship put into the Fiji Islands for the purpose of delivering mail and manufactured goods, and to take on a cargo of copra and fruit for Australia. Though it was early morning when we arrived, the humidity in the air was intense. Later in the day the sun's rays become vertical and the heat was almost unbearable.

As we steamed slowly toward Suva, the capital of the islands, day broke and we could see a heavy white mist clinging to the mountain tops. I had arisen very early, dressed, and gone out on deck where I met Jack Gregory, another early bird. Jack proved to be a cricketer of international fame, and the "Babe Ruth" of his native land, Australia. He was a great, hale, hearty fellow, direct and friendly in manner. I had had several chats with him and liked him very much.

We went up to the bow together and watched our boat nose her way through the dangerously narrow

channel. Passing between treacherous coral reefs, she entered the small reef-locked harbor. It was literally alive with natives paddling about in crude boats. These little craft were nothing more than hollowed out logs, some of which were rigged up with makeshift sails. Those without sails were propelled around by men and boys who knelt in the middle of the queer contraptions and used their hands as paddles. Jack told me that they had to be constantly on the watch for man-eating sharks as the waters were infested with these dangerous creatures. The whole scene was dominated by Jacob's Thumb, a lofty mountain that rears its arrogant head above the surrounding landscape.

There was a heavy sea running; and, as we neared Suva's only dock, we all sensed the cautious, precise skill with which our pilot felt his way. Jack and I were standing by the starboard rail looking with disgust at the long gray warehouse which blighted the otherwise picturesque scenery with its glaring metal roof. Suddenly my glance dropped to the oily surface of the water between the pilings of the dock and our towering side. I saw a small fishing boat, manned by four natives, pull abruptly out of the wharf. They must have all been asleep; in any case, there was a frightened scream as the big wash from

the ship rebounded from the piling and carried the fishermen with a resounding crash against our steel hull.

All was confusion aboard. A woman's scream brought an officer rushing to the rail. He hurled a rope into the seething water near where the boat had capsized. But the poor devils didn't have a chance. Three of them were killed instantly; the fourth floundered about for a brief moment, then sank from sight. This horrible incident temporarily cast a gloom over the whole ship.

After what felt to us like eternities of maneuvering, giant ropes were made fast to the dock-head by stalwart natives. By this time, every one was up and about. There was an interminable wait. Then a gangplank was lowered and like a lot of hungry animals we rushed ashore pell-mell as though it were a matter of life and death to touch good old terra firma again.

Jack and I had made a date days before with Mary Rose and another girl, a special friend of Jack's, to do a little sightseeing when we arrived. So on the moment of landing, Jack rushed ahead to charter a car before they were all taken. The girls and I followed to the end of the pier. Presently we saw Jack, his blazer awry, and a little the worse for

wear, standing proudly on the running-board of the most dilapidated chariot my eyes have ever looked upon. This ancient vehicle was an amazing cross between a town car and a delivery truck. It was hard to tell which parent it resembled more.

"Right this way!" Jack shouted.

The door was thrown grandly open and we all piled in. The driver was solemnly instructed to drive to the Ritz and we were off!

The wreck was piloted by a Hindu who turned out to be a perfect speed fiend. We tore through the narrow bumpy streets of the village, scampering traffic right and left. I am sure that we escaped arrest only because the police were too dazed to follow us.

Finally, after much turning and twisting about sharp corners, we found ourselves on an open road headed toward the mountain that loomed up a short distance away. We were now skating along at the terrific clip of twenty miles an hour. The road was crowded with natives on their way to town to see what the ship had brought in.

Jack's gambling spirit came to the fore, and he bet sundry shillings that we would hit at least one of them before the day was over. But those natives were blessed with charmed lives. Just as our driver with a look of delighted anticipation on his face would

choose a victim, the agile pedestrian would make a nose dive off the road into the ferns and dense undergrowth that hemmed in the highway. Looking back we would glimpse him popping into view again like a frightened rabbit.

Presently we came to the first grass hut I had ever seen. There it stood along the roadside, alone, and diminutive in size as compared to the giant tree ferns that towered above it. A thickly thatched roof was slightly raised from the walls of heavily woven grass. This opening afforded the only ventilation, aside from the door. No windows or other openings of any kind. Yet the perpetual summertime of the islands made this an ideal abode.

I had the driver stop so that we could all get out and go on a tour of inspection. The Hindu laughed. He told us we would soon come to a whole village of these huts.

We found him as good as his word, for we had not driven far before we came to a village composed entirely of grass huts arranged in a huge semicircle.

Eventually we came to the foot of a mountain. We raced along a narrow road that clung to its side. Further along we were sometimes so deep in a valley that the sky seemed almost cut off overhead. Again, the cliffs would drop away from the edge of the road

a sheer two thousand feet. Whirling to the left made things all the more confusing. (This being a truly English colony, they kept to the left as contrasted with the custom of other countries which keep to the right of the road.) When we passed another car, we all shut our eyes and held our breath for fear of a collision.

On the return trip, we followed the course of a beautiful river. Little native children, after a swim, basked in the sunshine along the bank. Far out in the stream we watched one little fellow gamely fight his way to the opposite shore. We heaved a sigh of relief when the lad had conquered the strong current and landed on the other side of the river, and told our driver to go on.

En route Jack and I had ample opportunity to demonstrate our masculine superiority to our timid little comrades when we barely missed dropping off a deep precipice or two. I may say that a pleasant time was had by all.

Before daybreak next morning Jack and I hired an oxcart and set out for the native village of Malga. Our idea was to get away from the tourists and see a bit of the interior. Gregory and the ox driver walked, while I rode in state on the axle of the two-wheeled cart. We barely crept along, the good old

steers nodding their heads as though on the verge of falling asleep at every step. After a three-hour ride at a snail's pace, we reached the end of the road with the village still a half mile distant. Our guide told us that we would have to climb a narrow path over a thousand feet up before we would finally reach the village.

Before we started Gregory and I ate the lunch the steward had put up for us the night before; then during the heat of the day we rested beneath a giant fern tree that broke the sun's pitiless rays. As we looked at the place where the guide told us the trail began, we hardly believed it was possible to penetrate the dense foliage that hid any sign of the path.

We finally roused ourselves to action, and led by the guide started up the last long lap.

The going was hard, but I had Gregory's mighty shoulders and his support on one side and the aid of an experienced crutch on the other. All in all, we made fair progress up the steep rugged trail which was bordered by impenetrable jungle.

After a good deal of perspiring and swearing, we came to the village which consisted merely of a few grass huts set down in the midst of this virgin territory. Apparently the little settlement had not often been disturbed by whites. What a magnificent

setting! We were nearly a score of miles from Suva, in a valley between deeply fissured volcanic mountains. Above were sheer cliffs hundreds of feet high. Immediately below stretched a thickly wooded country, then the rocky shoreline. And far off on the horizon the gloriously blue sea!

Everywhere, even crowding up to the very doorways of the huts, there was a thick undergrowth of all kinds of tropical plants. Here and there an exquisite flower would stand out in bold relief against the dark green background. The whole place was noisily alive and swarming with naked children, yelping dogs, and half-clothed women. The fashionable male costume featured a sarong, or sometimes only a G string.

Our entrance on this active scene caused great comment and greater excitement. There was much running about, and many shrill calls. I was horribly embarrassed by a wrinkled old gnome who gesticulated violently and muttered dark ejaculations upon catching sight of me on crutches. The young women were shy and retiring creatures who sensibly preferred the safe retreat of their ancestral mansions to the gaze of curious strangers. The naked children were as bold as young animals. They made one think of curious innocent fawns. With but little

coaxing we were able to persuade them to shake hands with us. For a few pence, we purchased from them bunches of beautiful wild flowers. No sooner did they close their tiny hands about our coppers than they scampered off to deposit them in some safe spot.

That afternoon we climbed a little way above the village and sat down on a grassy knoll where we had an unobstructed view. As night began to draw on, we beheld a sunset of glorious beauty—a burst of radiance that bathed the sea and land with a magnificent maze of color. What a sight! I was sorry when the thickening dusk forced us to abandon our position and retrace our steps to the village. Coming down hill, when smooth ground made it possible, I would slide, using my crutches as alpenstocks.

When we got back to the little circle of grass huts, I could hardly believe my eyes or my ears. Where an hour or so before, there had been a perfect hubbub of excited chatter, there was now the silence of the tomb. Apparently, the whole community was abed. But I could not feel that it was *asleep*. I had a curious conviction that hidden eyes were watching us; that hidden ears were catching every sound that we made. However, as our guide seemed to sense nothing unusual in the situation, I tried to throw off my feeling of vague alarm. As for Jack.

he appeared to be thoroughly delighted with the novelty of the whole business.

Presently we entered the grass hut which our guide had provided for us. Grabbing a mat apiece we squatted down on the clean earthen floor in front of a sort of open fireplace to await the native meal which we had been promised.

"Say, Ellery, old boy," Jack said, "looks like a movie setting, doesn't it?"

"You bet," I answered, trying to make myself comfortable on the hard floor, "but I can't say much for the sitting."

A moment later we looked up to find the door blackened by dark inquisitive faces. The glimmering light from the fire made the whole scene look wildly grotesque. In spite of my efforts to reassure myself, I felt little cold chills chasing each other up and down my backbone.

How did I know that, skinny though I was, I might not arouse hereditary instincts in these black brothers of mine. As far as we knew, these natives weren't cannibals, but how could we be sure, when they lived in a cannibal country? As for Jack, with all his beef, he was enough to make any cannibal's mouth water! I passed that pleasant thought on to my comrade.

"Oh, you go to hell," he came back at me. But just the same he was getting more fidgety every minute.

Pretty soon, every one cleared out, even our guide, who had probably gone to dine with some upright law-abiding citizen. The only occupants of the room, other than ourselves, were an old man fast asleep in a corner, and the woman who was cooking our meal over the native oven. Into the pit before her she dropped hot stones after fishing them out of the open hearth fire. On these she placed her taro root bread and fish wrapped in leaves; a small pig was thrown on top. More hot stones were rolled in. Then the whole was covered with a mass of brush. The wild pig had been cooked before, so that this baking process was just enough to make it ready at the same time that the fish and the taro were cooked.

After serving this hearty repast, she quietly left, presumably to get some water from a nearby spring. The instant she disappeared, I had a feeling that something was going to happen.

It did!

There was a sharp *zing*, and something shot between Jack and me, striking the wall behind us. It was pitch dark outside, and in the hut the only light

was from the dying embers. Our straining ears caught a faint rustling sound in the grass in the vicinity of the door—then eerie silence again. Jack struck a match. By its flickering flame, we saw a long cruel knife deeply imbedded in the matted wall. We both stared. Jack sprang up, white-faced, and walked to the door.

"That was a close call," he whispered.

Dragging myself across the floor I stuck my head outside. No one in sight. We sat for a while not saying a word; then lit another match and I pulled the knife from the wall. It had a blade six inches long.

In a few moments which dragged like so many hours, the woman returned bringing water and some additional twigs for the fire. We did not comment on the incident. She brought us some fruit, and we ate it with what appetite we could muster.

We had our choice of staying where we were that night or of going back without our guide, who had already retired for the night. He wouldn't have gone anyway had we ventured out into the night to try to find him, for the natives hate to travel the jungle at night. To go back alone seemed like suicide, for in addition to the apparent danger we were in, there was only a slim chance that we would

not get lost. Since the jungle is full of snakes, such a prospect was not pleasant.

When the woman left for her own hut, the old man was still sleeping in the corner.

"I wonder if he really is asleep," I whispered to Jack. "What's the idea of leaving him here, I wonder."

"We certainly are up against it," he replied.

"What was the idea of the knife?" I asked him in a subdued tone. "Do you suppose they will keep this up all night?"

He didn't hear me for he had gone to the far side of the hut, peering about in the strangest manner. In the dim light of the fire I saw him bend over and pick up a long stick. I couldn't make out just what it was. He stealthily made his way back to where I was sitting and proudly exhibited his find—a six foot hunting spear.

"This will help at close quarters." Then, as he laid it down alongside of our mats, he continued: "We now have two weapons."

We held a council of war, and decided the first move would be to put the fire out.

Just then we heard a noise outside. Jack jumped to his feet with his new found weapon, while I gripped the hilt of the knife. Whoever it was

approaching the hut wasn't trying to be quiet, and in addition was carrying a torch, so our fears were somewhat abated. On closer observation we recognized our guide.

"I was just awakened by someone who told me what happened to you," he said. "I should have told you that the natives were a bit shocked to find a man walking around on one leg. When that happens here he dies, and crutches are unheard of. The native doctors work miracles with herbs, but aren't surgeons. I haven't found out who actually threw the knife, but you needn't worry any more because I have pacified their fears of your being a one-legged devil who might cast an evil spell on the community."

"A one-legged devil; that's good! Not so far wrong at that," said Jack.

This levity brightened things considerably. The guide left. We turned to our crude mat beds considerably comforted, but not as sure as we should like to have been.

Through it all the old man slept on. Throughout the night I would waken and look around. It always seemed that Jack was doing the same thing. All in all, it was a most tiring night. When daylight came we beat a hasty retreat with our guide down the

mountainside and back to the village. Jack and I agreed to the guide's request not to say anything to the authorities. While neither Jack nor I was ever apt to forget it, as the diplomats would say—"the incident was closed."

CHAPTER XVI

CRUTCHES IN THE SCUPPERS

THE second day after our arrival in Suva, we sailed at six P.M. for Auckland three days distant. I had stayed around on deck that afternoon as the intense heat and unaccustomed exercise had increased the pain in my leg. It was much worse, and had begun to swell with alarming rapidity above the knee. I was taking an injection of vaccine every few days to increase my immunity; but this had not checked the inflammation and the steady throbbing continued. The doctor aboard the ship had suggested that I go to bed, but I had learned from experience that this would not help matters.

Out on deck, from my point of vantage near the starboard rail, I watched the loading. I had to marvel at the dexterity with which the Fiji Islanders handled the cargo. With sure-footed rapidity, they would climb up and down the steep gangway, bundles of cargo piled high on their broad shoulders. The Chief Boatswain would stand near the opening in the

deck, keeping check on the goods as they passed below the hatch.

Clad only in a sarong, the laborers kept up a constant singsong chant as they sweated away up the steep incline. Their heads, topped by bushy hair dyed red, swayed back and forth like animated feather dusters as they bent over their tasks, straining first on one foot, then on the other.

When the hour came for sailing, scores of their fellow countrymen, dressed in white and holding black umbrellas to protect themselves from the intense rays of the sun, crowded the docks. It was an eventful moment for the natives as our ship would be their last touch with the outside world for a month, unless by some chance a tramp steamer happened to put into port. I cannot forget the picture of one brown, wrinkled old woman who stood weeping on the dock as she waved wildly a last farewell to a son who was sailing away.

A deep blast of the *Niagara's* whistle conveyed the warning that we were to set sail in fifteen minutes. Turning, I saw Mary Rose. Her arms were filled with packages.

"Look at the things I've bought," she said as we made ourselves comfortable in the corner the ship's officers called "Walter Park." Never

had I seen such a conglomeration. She had purchased as souvenirs everything from a bottle of henna hair dye to a native model of one of the funny little boats that littered the harbor. Before she had time to display all her new treasures, I accused her of having wilfully deserted me during the day. But a gift of delicious fruit candy restored peace. Finally our ropes were taken aboard and we swung about.

Gregory and I had become such inseparable pals in the last few days that his absence at the time happened to strike me as strange.

"I wonder where he is?" I asked Mary Rose.

"I left him in one of the shops battling with a tight-fisted native. He said he would be along shortly," she answered.

Just at that moment I noticed a wild commotion among the natives on the street end of the dock. Another moment and there hove into sight the mighty shoulder of a familiar figure shoving to right and left through the center of the crowd. His progress was like that of a stream making a new course through sand.

"Gosh," I shouted, "there he is! We've left him behind."

Mary Rose called to Jack and waved frantic encouragement. An officer had seen the commotion.

There was a short blast of the whistle. The engines were reversed to full speed astern and the big boat came to a halt before it had completed its arc.

We saw the old boy climb into a native's skiff, pick the dazed boatman up, set him in the stern, and grab the oars himself. The man was so surprised that until Jack was pulling away towards us he didn't know what it was all about. Ten powerful strokes and Jack was under the nose of the excited passengers. A rope ladder was dropped. Tossing a coin to the boatman who had unwittingly proved a good Samaritan, the belated passenger clambered up the side. Willing hands reached for Jack and hauled him aboard. The officers were naturally irritated at this uncalled-for delay but I had a sneaking suspicion that the rest of the crowd revelled in the occurrence.

For the second time we got underway. This time the entire triumvirate lay at ease in the deck chairs as we drew out to sea. We slowly passed a gray cable ship with *Dominion* painted in big letters across its bow. One of the deck hands told us that she had pulled in the night before after laying 8,000 miles of cable along the bottom of the Pacific.

Astern lay the land of my adventure. All one could see of the place was the big old government

building, a bright yellow cable office, the tall spires of a church, and the red-roofed homes in which the white populace lived. Dotting the sides of the rugged hills above the town were dozens of little grass huts. The hillside was checkered by crisscross paths. Far away in the distance, I could see towering black mountains, their lofty summits hidden in a gray mist. Again we threaded our way out between the dangerous coral reefs. A school of porpoises playfully followed us long after we had lost sight of the islands. I liked to think that they were saying *aloha* for the Fiji Islands.

At night, I would sit in a deck chair with Mary Rose at my elbow, watching the great white phosphorous wake left by the boat as we glided through the calm waters. No matter how tired I was, I would presently find myself lulled by the cool air and the swish-swash of the water as the bow cut through the still sea.

Mary Rose's parents called twelve o'clock the curfew hour, but I would stay on deck late. The first night I was still in my deck chair when day broke. The decks were deserted after two or three except for a lone watchman. He would pace around, contentedly smoking a big pipe. Occasionally he would stop, hands in pocket, to gaze out over the sea. I

wondered where and to whom he sent his thoughts in those moments.

The second night I went up forward, bundled in a heavy coat as the weather was much colder. That afternoon we had struck a cold wind from the Antarctic that chilled one to the bone after the tropical heat. I sat down on a coil of rope away up in the bow near the lookout and I watched scurrying clouds hide the moon. The sky began to blacken ominously. Finally, the last star was blotted out and I was in absolute darkness except for the dim light of the port lantern that bathed the scene in red. I bared my head and let the wind blow through my hair. The darkness, the great emptiness appalled me. Nowhere else, I think, can one feel so small and lonely as aboard a great silent liner in the blackness of night. Standing on the deck of this almost living thing, one feels it force its way ahead and is numbed by the silence. The occasional shudder that one feels underfoot is like the labored breathing of a human being.

The sea had roughened considerably, and I could hear the water angrily lapping our sides. Another hour, and I felt the damp spray blowing into my face. The salt stung my eyes.

I moved farther away from the bow. The seamen

were on deck now lashing things down tight. They worked fast and in silence. The lookouts changed watches. The one coming on wore a sou'wester and a heavy oil slicker. One of the men called out a warning to me:

"Better go inside, sir, there's a heavy blow coming up."

But the wind and spray made my nerves tingle and filled me with excitement. I decided to stay out as long as I could stand it.

A tropical storm comes from the southwest as a rule, and shoots eastward across the waters before you can say Jack Robinson. Usually it brings havoc in its wake. Now, for us, the calm sea rapidly became an angry snarling monster. A cold wind whistled through the spars and rigging, making the taut ropes beat a tattoo against the masts. It howled around the smokestacks and the ventilators. It tore at the canvas covers of the lifeboats.

Two more hours and this strong wind had whipped into a hurricane. The water dashed over the forty-foot bow as the ship wallowed in deep troughs. What a change! In the short time I had been on deck, the sea's calm placid surface had been lashed into a veritable boiling-pot.

Jack came up on deck and we stood together

clinging to a railing near the entrance to the salon. He hung on with one arm and helped support me with the other. An officer, struggling down the deck, ordered us inside. He literally leaned against the wind as he stopped beside us. We could hardly hear his voice, though he shouted. If we had obeyed the order promptly, there would have been quite a different story to tell. But instead, we stayed to take a couple more deep breaths of the storm.

A few minutes after the officer had gone on, Jack left my side to open the door. It all happened in a second. A lurch of the ship and I lost my balance. I uttered a frightened yell for "help," then went sliding across the wet deck unable to check myself. Bang, right into the scuppers, and against the iron railing. Why I wasn't swept overboard still remains a mystery to me. I made a grab and my fingers closed on the iron post. Not a moment too soon! A hungry wave came thundering across the deck. I hung on for dear life, drenched to the skin by the icy water which came up over the side like a great mountain. I was buried under it, nearly fainting from the sudden impact. After what seemed like endless hours, the heaviness passed and I was left choking and half blinded, my lungs and eyes filled with salt water.

"Let go," I heard Jack dimly shouting.

I did. There was nothing else I could do. For the life of me I couldn't have hung on under a second deluge. Back across the deck I slid, luckily all the way across before the deck began to list seaward again. Jack caught me and we struggled through the door into the safety of the salon. A sailor picked my crutches from the scuppers.

I have a hazy recollection of a sea of faces, then blankness. Twenty minutes later, I came to. The pain in my leg was biting into my nerves again. That bump had stirred things up and salt water had got into the open wounds.

No one slept much that night. People sat in groups, or stood hanging on to some support. Women had frightened looks on their faces; children were crying; and men were standing silently about, or talking in low tones. The suddenness of the storm had brought folks up from their cabins dressed in all kinds of queer garbs. Women in kimonos, men with collars off and shirt-tails out. Finally, in the early morning hours the storm began to abate. When it was all over, people laughed at each other's ridiculous appearance. There was a noticeable let-down in the general tension. The strain had disappeared from the tired faces of the officers.

We arrived at Auckland on the evening of the third day. It was pitch dark and we could see little other than the lights of ferries as they bustled back and forth. The tooting scream of their whistles jarred my nerves. Most of the night I lay awake, the pain in my leg intense.

When morning came, the doctor boarded the ship for inspection before allowing the passengers to disembark. When he came to me, he insisted that I leave the ship and go to a hospital. But I flatly refused, feeling that I already had had more than my share of such places. Finally, to avoid further argument, I decided to dress and leave the ship with Gregory for the day.

Auckland is a fair-sized city inhabited mostly by British. The streets and shops resemble the less-crowded sections of London. I noticed one difference as soon as I landed: everyone keeps to the left when walking as well as when driving.

Gregory and I hired a car and drove through the wide clean streets and out of the town across beautiful, broken country with Mount Eden as our destination. On reaching the base of the mountain, we wound upward two thousand feet over a good wide road. On the peak, we found a magnificent marble stone monument. It had been erected by the city

of Auckland in memory of its citizens killed during the World War.

From this point of vantage, we looked directly down on the city. In the background was a thickly wooded section of country dotted here and there by great blackened mounds of lava. These had once been the sites of active volcanos, but that was many years ago. In the distance was the harbor. We could see tall ship riggings jutting up above the red-roofed houses. Beyond lay the broad expanse of the Pacific.

That afternoon Gregory suggested that we try our hand at New Zealand's famous sport—deep sea fishing. He said he knew of a good place ten miles distant. We got together a bit of lunch and hired a car.

The road led up a steep hill through a thick wood. We could hear cattle braying and stamping about in the underbrush. Finally, the road twisted downward and presently we came out into a clearing. In front of us was a long sandy beach. Behind us, over the tops of the dense timber, we could see Mount Eden, dark with trees. The monument on the top looked about the size of a dog kennel.

Another hundred yards and we sighted our destination—a white house under some trees about half

a mile away. In front of the house a rickety old pier extended a couple of hundred yards out into the water. We arrived very hot and rested for a while in the cool shade of the gum trees.

Jack put his pack against one of the trees. We jointed up the rods, put on the reels, tied on leaders and got ready to fish.

"You're sure this water has fish in it?" I asked Gregory skeptically.

"It's full of them. I'm going up the beach a little and fish from the water's edge. You go out on the pier."

I hobbled out and sat down contentedly on an old box at the end of the wharf. I put on a good-sized sinker and threw the line out. The hook had hardly touched the water before the first fish struck. I baited up and cast out again; I hooked another. They put up a good fight. The pole would nearly bend double as the streaks of silver struggled away. It was some job keeping them from shooting under the wharf and catching the line in the piling. They were halibut and mackerel beautifully colored, and hard from the cold Antarctic stream.

Eventually, I tired of this sport and returned to the shade of the trees. Our driver slit my catch and scraped out the insides, packing them in a big

bag. I had caught eighteen, all over a foot long. They were beauties.

Jack had gone out of sight far up the beach. I lay down and watched the surf roll in, waiting for him to return. Offshore there was an old wooden bark beating to windward. I could see the dirty patches of gray on the sail. Finally, Jack came back, a big basket filled with his catch slung over one shoulder. His face was red and happy.

"How are yours?"

"Oh, pretty small," I answered, trying to conceal my pride.

He looked over my catch and picked up the largest. It weighed about twelve pounds.

"Say that's a beauty. I bet the old boy put up a struggle."

We sat around for a little and then started back over the road to Auckland. It had been a great afternoon. We decided to end the day with a real fish dinner. Jack suggested going to one of the hotels and coaxing the chef into cooking us up a feed.

We went to the Grand Hotel, the city's most palatial public hostelry, though judged by American standards, it was only a small place. We found it crowded with Australians off the ship.

The sight of a small tip was enough to coax the

chef. He promised to fry us the fish feed of our young lives. We had a half hour's wait in the lobby before dinner. The fish made a tempting dish, but I was too tired to do justice to it. Jack was in excellent form so the chef didn't get his feelings hurt.

Dinner finished, we decided to take in a show. We went to the old Globe Theater. The feature of the evening's program was a picture with the enticing title, "Why Sailors Go Wrong." It was a four-year-old production. Finding it too tiresome to sit through, we left the heat of the theater and walked about for awhile. Then we went down to the wharf and climbed aboard the ship.

The doctor saw me come aboard. He asked me to give in and go to a hospital, but I pretended that I felt great. Reluctantly, he agreed to let me stay. Next day we left for Sydney, rounding the top of North Island. As I sat out on the promenade deck on the port side of the ship away from the sun I realized that these two gloriously active days in New Zealand had made my leg much worse.

The pain became so intense that I swallowed my pride and sent a boy for the doctor. While I waited, I watched the seagulls floating lazily in the air. They kept near the boat, apparently floating along without moving a muscle. The tourists aboard ship

seemed to be bent on moving all their muscles. They kept parading around and around the deck. There were several couples aboard on their honeymoon. They all seemed very happy, laughing and talking to each other, but embarrassed when one looked directly at them.

Finally the doctor came.

"Can't you do anything to relieve the pain a little, Doc?" I asked.

He was a good egg. He didn't rub in the fact that I had refused to take his advice the day before, but put me to bed.

It was some fight to keep going. I was constantly afraid he would operate before we reached Sydney—three days distant. That would have been difficult. We had only a little chloroform aboard and the rocking of the ship would have made an operation hazardous.

On the second night my temperature went up to 103. The nights were hot and the humidity in the air deadly. I felt as if the heat would stifle me. At times my mind wandered. I knew I was fighting for my life. People did everything they could for me. Someone wirelessed ahead to the hospital in Melbourne.

Sir William Vicars of Sydney, Mr. Fyfe-Smith of

Vancouver, and Hon. W. L. Ballieu of Melbourne stayed in my room for hours at a stretch. They were all wonderful. I shall never forget them. I had come aboard a stranger but they had put themselves out to do what they could. When we docked, I was more dead than alive.

CHAPTER XVII

BENEATH THE SOUTHERN CROSS

THE pain in my leg had lessened by morning, though by that time I knew that an operation was inevitable. I decided to go out on deck and catch a little air. For days everyone who lived in Sydney had been talking pridefully of "our harbor." I fully expected to be disappointed; on the contrary, I was delighted with the picture that met my eyes.

We had passed through a narrow channel into a great rock-bound bay, about which the lofty jutting cliffs circled in a wide arc. Beyond, the countryside rolled away in long, low hills covered with thick vegetation. On our port bow lay the docks of Sydney, spreading along the waterfront for miles. The city was a mass of low roofs, with here and there a tall skyscraper rearing its lofty head in pride. Out near the mouth of the bay lay Ship's Island, guarding the harbor's entrance.

Sydney is one of the great harbors of the world. We found the bay alive with activity, while a dozen

great liners berthed at the docks, giant hoists swinging loads in and out of their holds.

One of the big Orient line ships was about to swing out into the stream. Heavy black smoke rolled in billows from her funnels. Tugs fretted about the ship's sides, pulling and twisting, their propellers churning the water into foam as they strained their blunt noses against the steel billets. Dozens of smaller boats rode at anchor out in the bay, flags of many nations waving from their mastheads. Scores of ferries left long white lines as they plied back and forth across the bay.

Slowly we threaded our way toward the pier. I had no idea what I would do when we docked. A shipboard friend of mine, the Honorable W. L. Ballieu, had insisted that I go to Melbourne to see his surgeon. Ballieu is the wealthiest man in Australia, a great big kind-hearted person, known to me as "Uncle Bim Gump." I didn't accept his invitation at once because I wanted to try to shift for myself, if possible.

I was depressed at the thought of the future. The boat would leave in four days, homeward bound, but in my present condition I could not venture a return. If I stayed I was faced with a lack of funds; my worldly fortune consisting of sixty dollars and

a second-class ticket for my return. It wasn't a happy outlook.

I stood in an out-of-the-way corner on deck watching the crowds troop ashore. They were all in high spirits. Sydney meant home to some; to others, a train to take them to their sheep "stations." Most of my gang was going to the ritzy Australian House. Mary Rose was leaving for her home in Brighton, nearly five hundred miles away. Gregory was bound for Melbourne. It made me sick to see them leave. I was always meeting people, and having to lose them just as things were getting interesting.

At customs an immigration officer said to me: "Going ashore, son?"

"Yes," I answered. The question had helped me to make up my mind.

"Let's see your passport."

I showed it to him. The next thing he wanted to know was:

"Have you plenty of money, young man? We won't let passengers leave the ship without sufficient funds."

I lied, telling him I had plenty. Then I made a rash decision to quit the boat for good. I packed up my bags, making my way ashore; I hired a cab

and drove uptown. After considerable battling with the steamship officials, I sold my return ticket for $95. Thus heeled, I left the steamship office, and stood undecided on a corner watching the crowd pass. They were a very healthy, prosperous, and remarkably homogeneous looking lot. It was very evident they were almost wholly British. The streets were littered with a combination of horse-drawn vehicles and taxicabs. I saw a middle-aged man peering into a shop window. Leaving my bags near the side of a building, I went over and spoke to him:

"Can you direct me to an inexpensive place to stay near here?" I inquired.

He turned around, startled.

"Huh; well let's see," he mused, with a strong Australian twang in his speech.

A minute. Then, "Yes, there is a place two blocks up, and one to your right."

I hailed a cab, and with my two suitcases drove up to the Wentworth Hotel. From the outside, the place looked as if it might have been erected simultaneously with the founding of Sydney. The inside was just as prehistoric—worn red plush carpets, shiny brass spittoons in every corner, and the walls and ceilings trimmed like a fancy cake.

After some haggling with a clerk, I finally obtained

room and board at three dollars a day. I sent my bags up to the room, and decided to ride out to the beach to ward off the feeling of depression that was trying to swamp me. Hobbling down the street, I climbed into a big red sight-seeing bus parked on the corner. It was filled with tourists off the steamer, some of whom I recognized.

On the way out to the beach, I was impressed with the road courtesy. Though the boulevards were jammed, there was no shouting or honking of horns; everyone quietly awaited his turn.

We drove first to Bondi, then to Coogee, eventually to Manly.

At Coogee I witnessed a thrilling and terrible sight. I had left the bus, and, after buying a roll and sausage, as they call our good old American "hotdog," I had wandered out on the breakwater above the beach. Having settled myself comfortably, I was contentedly munching away and watching with interest the crowds on the wide beach below, when above the thunder of the surf and the noise of the crowd, I heard the tolling of a bell. Hundreds of people on the beach heard it also. Then from scores of throats a blood-curdling cry arose: "Sharks!" I was so excited I dropped my half consumed "puppy" over the wall.

Up the beach a little way, I saw a guard rush, rifle in hand, from one of the little red shacks that dotted the sands at regular intervals. These places were shark lookout stations. The fellow ran along the beach making for a point nearest the shark. The crowd let him through; then in wild haste fell over one another to follow him.

Swimmers in the vicinity had seen the disturbance on shore, and, realizing their danger, were frantically swimming towards safety. In the meantime, the big fish was slowly cruising towards two men a couple of hundred yards offshore. The poor devils had no intimation of danger, until the cruel black fin was within a few feet of them. Then we saw one of the chaps half lift himself out of the water in fright.

"They're goners!" I heard someone gasp.

Now the men turned about and started swimming desperately towards shore, keeping close together. I could hear someone below me at the foot of the wall vainly shrieking, "*Faster! Faster!*" Children, bewildered by the excitement, were crying. A woman had fainted.

The guard by this time was standing out in the surf up to his waist, shooting, but the distance was too great for accuracy. The bullets skimmed over the water, kicking up white spats of foam. Two

other guards and volunteers from the crowd were launching a skiff with frantic haste. All this had taken but a few moments.

I looked again, so petrified I couldn't move. The shark was swimming slowly in a line with the men. It was like a cat playing with a mouse. Nearer! nearer! The fish began rapidly circling, cutting a streak of foam. Every other second it seemed to lift itself out of the water. Then, what we had been dreading, happened. The shark came within twenty feet of the swimmers and made a direct attack. Above the moan of the surf we heard an agonized shriek as the giant fish struck the first man who was ten feet or so ahead of the other fellow. Strange bit of fate that the stronger swimmer was first to be attacked.

We saw the shark strike. That was all. The victim disappeared from sight. By this time, the boat was pulling away desperately, a guard standing in the bow, his rifle trained on the spot. We saw something come to the surface of the water. The boat pulled alongside. Hands reached over and pulled the "something" into the boat. Then the man who had escaped was lifted in, and the boat turned about and pulled for shore.

The crowd quickly dragged the boat out of the

surf. I waited until someone from the gathering came near enough for me to ask what had happened.

"He's dead," a stranger told me in subdued tones. "Cut to ribbons. The fish must have caught him in the back. There's a deep gash across his shoulder." The speaker added: "I have been down on this beach for years. Many times I have heard of just such a thing happening, but this is the first time I have ever been a witness."

That afternoon I stayed in bed. I was feeling tired, lonely, and depressed. Outside the sky was overcast, the weather hot and enervating. Big black clouds slowly swept across the skies threatening a deluge. Up from the street came the ceaseless hum of scores of men at work. The boulevards were being torn up in the course of construction of an "underground." I could hear the steady rap, tap, tap, of the drills as they ground through steel and mortar.

Across the way stood a fine old church, directly in the path of destruction. Another few days and this grand ivy-covered old edifice that had withstood the storms of half a century would ruthlessly be pulled apart to make way for a modern building. From the lofty belfry came the chiming of an ancient bell; the notes were clear and pleading. The old

church might have been a living thing, begging for its life.

After four days in Sydney, most of which I spent in bed, I left in the evening on the Sydney Limited for Melbourne. The only thing limited on this narrow gauge railroad was space. As I was short of funds, I had to ride second-class in a hot stuffy compartment. Into this confined space were crowded five other men and all the baggage. Our group was like a branch of the League of Nations: a Frenchman, a Spaniard, a Jew and two Australians. The Frenchman, a nervous little fellow with a trimmed moustache and a big carnation in his buttonhole, jabbered away in broken English to the big breezy Spaniard jammed into one corner, who finally fell asleep with open mouth. The two Australians banded together in heated argument against the Jew. For a time it looked as if this branch of our happy family might come to blows. The three of them smoked away at big black cigars incessantly. Having come to no conclusion, they gradually subsided and feel asleep, much to my relief.

All that night, I sat in cramped quarters, gasping for air, the pain in my leg intense. My ears were filled with the noise of our locomotive, one car ahead, and the loud snores of my companions. By day-

THE SHARK TOWER AT COOGEE, ONE OF SYDNEY'S COLORFUL BEACHES.

The Nile from the Author's Window at the Greek Hospital near Heliopolis.

light, the snoring had completely drowned out the sound of the engine.

Early next morning, we made a change at Albany to a wider gauged railroad. A few hours later, I arrived at Melbourne, worn out after the rough trip. I went to the Menzies Hotel where I got lodging at five dollars a day. I called Mary Rose out at Brighton, and then went to bed to await Dr. Julian Smith, who was to give me an examination the next morning.

"Why didn't you stay in your own country?" was the doctor's greeting next day.

"Because I heard you were in Australia," I replied facetiously.

He was gruff and short-tempered at times, but a marvelous surgeon. After the examination, he advised waiting before going through with an operation. The day after, Mary Rose drove in from Brighton in a smart little car and showed me about the city.

Many rides followed with other friends through the beautiful parks and about the countryside. The foliage, even at this late period, was magnificent. Giant chrysanthemums and magnolias were blooming in almost every front yard. The afternoon sun might catch one red leaf on a eucalyptus, but the rest of the foliage retained its vivid green. I was

surprised to find vast tracts of wild country within thirty miles of a city as large as Melbourne. We would often drive to the top of a high knoll and stop in the shade of a group of trees.

We drove back into the country where the great gold rush of 1854 took place. What had once been a canvas-roofed town between Melbourne and St. Kilda has grown into a prosperous little village.

There were still a few natives about who could recall the scenes of the gold rush. I remember in particular one old fellow who sat on a doorstep in front of the post office. Mary Rose told me that he had been sitting there day in and day out for the last eight years. He was wrinkled and toothless and nearly blind with age. We coaxed him into talking of the past. In his rambling way, he told us how men of every description had been affected by the fever and had rushed to the diggings in the hope of immediate and easy wealth. He said that a thousand men had left Melbourne in one day. Thousands more had arrived, passing through on their way to the gold fields of Ballarat and Sandhurst. The careless security, hospitality and simple friendliness which had been the life of the colonists had disappeared with the influx of gold. He smiled in a quaint way as he told of the disorder, robberies and

riots which culminated in the battle of the Eureka Blockade.

We stopped on the way home for tea. By this time tea ran in my veins. There was tea in the early morning in one's bedroom before one was up; tea at eleven o'clock; tea at luncheon; at four o'clock, at dinner, and sometimes more tea towards bedtime. Indeed, I found out on my trip from Sydney to Melbourne that any train which failed to stop long enough for tea at least five times a day would be boycotted by the Australians.

A few more days and Christmas came with a temperature of 104! But there was little Christmas spirit as Americans know it. There were no lights on trees; no candles or wreaths in the windows.

I had Christmas luncheon with Robert Gibbons, an English gentleman who was staying at the hotel with his two small daughters, Nancy and Betty, aged six and eight. I ate with relish a hearty English dinner, topping it off with champagne and plum pudding. When dinner was over, Mr. Gibbons popped out with the surprising question: "How would you like a job tutoring my two daughters from here to England, leaving January eleventh?"

When I had got my breath I accepted with unconcealed joy.

There followed a brief catechizing as to my qualifications.

"How good is your French?" asked Mr. Gibbons casually.

"Pretty good," I told him, modestly, meanwhile racking my brains for a few stereotyped French phrases to pull in case he happened to address me in that language.

"Fine!" said Mr. Gibbons. "Of course the children are too young to require a finished course. How about your Spanish?"

"*Mostly conversational*," I admitted, recalling with considerable misgiving my Tampico Oil Field Spanish picked up in Mexico three years before.

"Good! Then, that's settled." And Mr. Gibbons dismissed the subject.

What luck! Down to my last cent and then here came a fortunate twist in circumstances that would give me a fighting chance. I knew I could get along all right with Gibbons, though I wasn't so certain as to how I would make out as nursemaid to the two daughters. A strange job for a young man; but then stranger things had happened to me before. Our course to England would take me first through the Mediterranean. We would touch on the northern coast of Africa, then stop at Naples; from there

to Marseilles; and then, finally, Southampton. It sounded like a gorgeous trip.

"You will have a salary, of course," said my future employer as we were parting after lunch. "Will ten pounds a week be a fair wage?"

"Why that's princely," I stammered. "Are you sure it isn't too much?"

Eight thousand miles from home and broke. It seemed to me the finest Christmas present in the world!

After Christmas, I left for the Blue Mountains, fifty miles from Melbourne, planning on stopping at the Golf House—a sort of combination country club and mountain resort—until time for my operation.

We drove through a beautifully rough country over a dry brown hillside studded thickly with faded eucalyptus trees. The summer heat gives the leaves a sort of withered look, the rainfall during this season being light. Many of them bore beautiful masses of flowers, yellow, white, or red.

An hour's driving and apparently we were miles away from civilization. Occasionally, we passed through a fine region of fruit, past a dairy, a wheat-field, or a herd of rangy cattle. On every hand, I saw proof that the dryness and the lack of irrigation were forcing the rancher to fight for his very existence.

But everywhere in this new country one meets an optimistic spirit which says, "Ours is the best and the biggest. We can do anything, no matter what. Look at us! We will show you!" It was the good old pioneer spirit. The up-and-coming spirit of youth. It made me think of America, of the Northwest, of home! Australia is the *west* of England.

I noticed miles of low fenced-in lands to our right and left. On one side of the fence would be rich prairie grass, in some places two feet high; on the other side, the ground would be as barren as the Sahara Desert. Someone told me that old and moth-eaten yarn about the Australian in England who was asked: "Do you have many Scotch in Australia?" "No," was his answer, "our worst pest is the rabbit."

We drove through stretches of country which were uninhabited except for a handful of cattlemen, and a few men working away on the telegraph line. By nightfall we began to cover the last stretch of the trip, having gradually climbed during the afternoon to a three-thousand foot elevation. Just before dinner, we arrived at the Golf House, which was like a large English country home. The rooms were small but each opened on a broad veranda where most of the guests slept when the weather permitted.

That night after a hearty dinner, I climbed into a comfortable bed out on the veranda and lay awake for a time gazing at the stars overhead. The beautiful moon slowly rose higher in the sky, casting an enchanting gleam upon the pale trunks of the eucalyptus trees. Somewhere out on the prairie, I heard a wild dog bark; presently a whole band joined in. They were evidently chasing game for the sound of their barking gradually grew indistinct, then died away in the distance. I heard the flutter of an owl as it perched itself on a tree nearby. Soon the night echoed with its weird cry; then silence as the sound lost itself in the bush. I fell asleep.

The next morning I awoke to a new world. How cool and delightful it all seemed after the heat and dust of the city! For a week, I sat on the lawn day after day reveling in the warm sunshine. Sometimes Allan McKay, a great cheery Scotchman, would drop around and tell one of his never-ending lot of good stories. He helped me in and out of the hotel, and many times assisted me in dressing my leg. In the evenings I played bridge with Dr. Hirst, or sat out on the porch, dreaming endless dreams of traveling to all corners of the world when I should be rid of my crutches.

Fight against the poison as I would, my leg grad-

ually got worse and an operation could no longer be delayed. It was with genuine regret and a feeling of foreboding that I left this pleasant mountain resort for Melbourne and the hospital. I had seen so much of hospitals that I had come to look upon them with dread. This operation would be my twelfth within a little over a year!

One of the guests, Robert Whiting, an American, lent me his car for the drive back to Melbourne. I had never ridden in such style. The machine was a Packard eight and it was driven by a dapper little chauffeur dressed in smart livery.

When I reached Melbourne I went to a Catholic Hospital, the Mount Saint Evins, run by the Sisters of Charity. It was in a quiet section of the city and I was blessed with the kind attention of the Sisters who did everything possible for me. Saturday morning came and I was wheeled into the surgery room and operated on without an anæsthetic. My heart was unable to stand the strain ether would have caused. Every now and then I would let out a "whoopee" to keep my courage up. A young medical student, Leonard Travers, gripped my hands to keep me from fighting the doctors. He turned out to be a great friend, and my three days in the hospital were made easier by his help.

Sunday and Monday were spent in the hospital recovering from the shock. At first, Dr. Julian Smith was strongly against my taking the tutoring job; but when he found out that I could stay on the ship for a month, he agreed that the change would be a good thing.

CHAPTER XVIII

BURIED AT SEA—ALMOST!

TUESDAY morning I left Melbourne in company with Gregory for the port of Melbourne, two miles away. We drove through the tenderloin district of the city en route to the dock. There were rows and rows of rickety old buildings, some of them elevated on framework to keep them above the moisture of the swamp lands. Children were playing about on the doorsteps in the muck and filth.

At the dock I met Mr. Gibbons and my two pupils-to-be. We boarded the *Orama*, a twenty-thousand ton Orient liner, and made ourselves comfortable in our spacious quarters.

"Good-bye and take care of yourself," were Gregory's parting words as the ship gave a warning toot for visitors to go ashore. I felt an actual physical contraction of the heart as my friend left me and swung ashore.

"Don't forget to give Mary Rose my messages," I shouted as we began to draw away.

It was with a sad heart that I waved a last farewell to the chap who had been my closest pal since I left Honolulu two months before. I stood by the rail as the boat moved farther and farther away from the quay. Gradually the people there became dolls —their faces expressionless spots of white. I could just barely make out Jack Gregory spasmodically waving a large handkerchief.

Finally, we left Hobson's Bay, the port of Melbourne, and steamed slowly through Port Phillip's Bay. The bright blue sea was swept here and there with green where the breeze rippled the surface, or a cloud darkened the water. A school of porpoises played about our prow. Nearby on our starboard hand, a graceful sailboat glided slowly under full sail before the faint breeze, her white decks glistening in the sun and the shadows of her sails making a pattern on the water. Away to port were long lines of yellow sand and behind them grassy plains and forest-clad hills.

The passengers stood in little groups about the deck eagerly scanning and discussing the receding coastline, pointing out to one another familiar landmarks. As we sailed out of the bay late that day my last impression of Melbourne was yellow sands, blue sea, and the swooping white sea gulls.

After dinner, I went out and lay in a deck chair watching the sun turn the sky a blood red.

"Magnificent coloring," I heard a cool cultured voice say just behind me. Turning, I saw a tall man with very fine gray eyes.

"You're Ellery Walter, aren't you? A friend of mine in Melbourne told me about you. How's the leg now; any better?"

"Yes, thanks," I answered. I did not add that I had a drainage tube and eight yards of gauze packed in my ailing member.

My new acquaintance turned out to be none other than Sir Alan Anderson, managing director of the line. He pulled up a chair and insisted that I tell him my story.

"And so now you're on your way to making a round-the-world circuit," he said as I concluded. He seemed quite impressed with my wild circuit to date.

When Sir Alan left, I stayed out on deck until late in the night formulating all kinds of visionary plans. Just what retort would I make when Mussolini questioned me on the relations between Italy and France? I even went so far as to formulate a plan for World Peace which I would put up to Lloyd George the moment I landed in England! It never occurred to

me I might not have an interview with these gentlemen.

Thirty-six hours after leaving Melbourne, we touched at Adelaide in the State of South Australia. The country here was barren and desolate looking, great sand wastes and low hills, covered with sparse underbrush. I sat on the boat deck under a canvas cover and looked at the scene before me. In the shade at midday the temperature reached 114 degrees. I watched the natives in shirt sleeves and open collars languidly going about their business.

As it was only a few days after my operation, the pain in my leg was still so bad that I was sorely tempted to return to Melbourne. The knowledge that every turn of the ship's propeller was taking me farther away from a good hospital did not help matters.

Presently Dr. McGilroy, the ship's surgeon, came on deck and we sat together during the afternoon drinking gallons of orangeade in an effort to keep cool. McGilroy was a wonderful fellow. He had gone to within ninety miles of the South Pole as one of the members of Sir Ernest Shackleton's South Pole Expedition, and during the afternoon he told me the story of that adventurous trip.

That afternoon I sent a telegram to Mary Rose

and wrote fifteen letters to different friends. I also started my tutoring, beginning with a two-hour shift. The two children would sit at my elbow out on the deck while I tried to drill them on French verbs that I had hurriedly reviewed.

That afternoon we sailed from Adelaide for Fremantle four days' away where we were to make a day's brief stop. Our course was just off the coast. Most of the time we were within fifteen miles or so of land and could see the great rocky cliffs that jutted out into the sea. Here and there along the coast was a lone wayside station surrounded by a group of protecting gum trees. These stations were the ranch houses, or central headquarters for great stretches of unfenced sheep and cattle land stretching thousands of acres inland. From some of these ranches one would have to drive for two days before reaching a town. They were certainly isolated and lonely looking places for human beings to live.

Here—in the lands "down under"—the Southern Cross blazed in all its glory. In skirting the south coast of Australia I had the impression that we were on the bottom of the world, and that the ship was having a hard time to stick on; no doubt the result of my childhood notions of geography.

But on the night before we reached Fremantle all

these idle fancies were driven out of my mind by some hard cold facts.

I hated to leave the deck that night. The stars were piled one upon the other. The heavens were full to overflowing. So full, in fact, that every once in a while, a star would be hurled from the firmament and shoot off into space. Hardly had I got settled in my cabin when there was a knock on the door.

"Come in!" I called.

The door opened and three men solemnly filed in.

"We have something of great importance to discuss with you." It was Sir Alan Anderson speaking. Accompanying him were Commander Shelford, captain of the ship, and Dr. McGilroy.

"Tomorrow," Sir Alan went on, "we land at Fremantle. It is our opinion that you had better leave the ship there and return to Melbourne where you can get good care."

"But it is impossible for me to go back now, Sir Alan," I protested. "Until I arrived in Australia, I was planning to include only the South Seas in this trip. But when I found myself broke and eight thousand miles from home, I decided it would be just as easy to go on as to go back."

"Your health is of first importance and it is that which we want to talk to you about," interposed

Commander Shelford. "Dr. McGilroy tells us you are a very sick boy and that you are suffering from a virulent infection."

"Oh, but I can beat that out, sir," I answered with an assurance I didn't feel.

"You understand, of course, that you may have to be put off the ship in some Indian, Arabian, or Egyptian port?" Sir Alan went on, paying no attention to me.

"Why?" I was curious to know.

"For two reasons," he answered. "First, to put you in the hands of doctors in a hospital; and second, to protect the health of the other passengers on board. Your infection is not contagious now, but it is possible for it to become so."

"What do you think?" I asked Dr. McGilroy, who had not spoken.

"I think you are very sick, much more so than you think you are. I also want to warn you that the care that you might receive at the hands of native doctors, and in native hospitals would not be the best."

"Well, I'll take my chances on that," I insisted stubbornly.

"If you want my honest opinion, Ellery," the doctor said gravely, "I do not think you will live through the tropics."

This bald statement pretty well flabbergasted me. While I was turning it over in my mind, Dr. McGilroy spoke again:

"Are you prepared for a burial at sea?" he asked me bluntly.

"If I have to be buried at all, I'd just as soon be buried at sea," I told him, shivering inside just the same.

I felt myself weakening. Still I *had* to go on. There was no turning back now. I began to set forth at great length the reasons why I should be allowed to go on. I told my dignified visitors that Mussolini and Lloyd George were expecting me and that they would be frightfully disappointed if I failed to turn up. I also pointed out that the children I was tutoring would suffer cruelly if deprived of my helpful tuition and good moral influence.

Even solemn Sir Alan unbent a bit at my frenzied pleading, and the others followed suit. Since I was free, white and nearly twenty-one, my good friends had to abide by my decision and allow me to go on. They left my cabin with the advice that I could have the night to think it over.

I did think it over that night. In fact, I thought I would never get to sleep. When I did finally drop off, it was to dream of sharks dismembering my shroud.

The afternoon of the next day, we put into Fremantle. Sir Alan and Doctor McGilroy agreed that I could stay aboard at my own risk.

The next day, guided by two tugs, we cautiously made our way out of the harbor in a heavy sea. A giant shark followed on our port side until we left the channel and were out on the high seas. I watched from the stern the last of Australia's great coast line melt in the distance. I wondered if I should ever set foot on land again.

The next morning I began to follow a systematic schedule for my days which was to last during my stay aboard the *Orama*. Early in the morning the doctor would come in and dress my leg. Then came tutoring until lunch time; after that, I was free for the rest of the day. Most of my afternoons and evenings were spent playing bridge, or watching the crowd aboard the boat at different games.

I made a fast friend of an old Scotland Yard man who was our master-at-arms on the ship. I would spend long hours at night listening to his thrilling stories. He had been in the police service the better part of his life and had been everything from a patrolman to an inspector. He had been brought up on the fog-soaked docks of London; had run a gambling hall in Singapore and had been up in the

Yukon at the time of the great gold strike. He was a diamond in the rough—tall, erect, a man whom one would look at a second time with interest.

When I wasn't with this new-found friend I would usually have a gathering of young people about my cot which had been brought up on deck. It was a marvelous trip and I was quite proud of myself for finally surviving it without giving my friends the trouble of burying me at sea!

CHAPTER XIX

IN WHICH I DISAPPOINT A THIEF

FOR two weeks we steamed through the Indian Ocean. There were "white nights" when alabaster clouds too lazy to move lay in the form of temple cities, dome on dome against the horizon, one of them taller than the rest, casting a pale ghostly light across the sea; nights when the Southern Cross stood upright and our foremast lay against it like the sight of a gun; evenings when the last rays of the setting sun pierced the skies like a million flaming rockets.

All day long I would loll about the deck, enjoying the warmth of the sun, and feeling a new strength beginning to course through my body.

Fourteen days of this; then Colombo, Ceylon, "the Eden of the Eastern Wave." After nightfall we sailed past the great black jutting breakwater into the moonlit harbor. We were forced to drop anchor offshore because of the shallow beach which shelved off gradually for nearly a mile.

I stood in a nook by myself and heard the splash of water as the anchor sank beneath the surface. Away off our port bow I could see the twinkling lights of the town, and for a distance make out the white surf breaking through the darkness on the circling shores. In the moonlight I could make out the spars and rigging of a few sailing ships as they rose and fell with the long swell. Shore boats bobbed about on the rough water as they swung out to meet us. In the stillness I could hear the whir and swish of the propellers reversing to keep the boats from crashing against our steel-jacketed sides. As no one aboard wished to go ashore until next day, one by one the visitors bobbed back over the waves towards shore.

I went up forward and found Mack sitting by himself contentedly smoking his pet corncob.

"You'll like this place," he told me. "Greatest little kingdom in all the Seven Seas. Thousands of acres of a paradise unequaled anywhere. In a shack on that little point away out there,"—he pointed toward an isolated promontory,—"I lived for nearly two years back in the early '90s. I was working then on a trawler around these islands. Every time I come back here, I wonder why I left."

"It doesn't look as if there's much of a white population," I ventured.

"No," he answered. "About the only white people around these parts are beach-combers; but there are plenty of them. They drift in from every port in the world. The island is made up of about a dozen different races. Mostly Singhalese, Moors, Malays and Chinese." He went on: "You'll have a big laugh tomorrow when you see the Singhalese men. They look like women from the back. They have a peculiar custom of wearing long hair. They are as meek as lambs, but by far the most intelligent of the islanders."

Next morning from the decks of the *Orama* I looked out upon a veritable dreamland of tropical verdure, towering palms, waving groves of giant bamboo, and flowers of a thousand brilliant hues. Everywhere there was a wealth of bright green foliage. Here and there I could see handsome ivy-covered houses and bungalows showing their chocolate roofs among the trees.

The crowd aboard went ashore in small launches through the rough surf. I nearly lost my footing as I attempted to climb into one of these bouncing tenders, but with the aid of a couple of dirty white-robed natives, I was lifted in and out safely. On the way in we passed a dilapidated old Japanese sailing ship that had just buried its captain, as a ragged flag

at half-mast told us. It was a great awkward looking barque with six spars and many square yards of yellow canvas piled about the deck. Somehow I got the impression that the old schooner itself felt the loss. As we passed under the stern, faces as yellow and aged-looking as the canvas itself peered down on us. In an effort to make merry, I waved a greeting. But "Charley" must have been feeling mighty low, because he did not so much as shake a finger in reply—just kept on staring.

When we landed, as had been previously arranged, I left Mr. Gibbons and the two children for the Galle Face Hotel where I planned to stop until we went inland to Kandy. I climbed into a 'rickshaw and rode along a broad road crowded with motor cars, ox-carts, and many other 'rickshaws. We went along by the sea that surged high up on crystal white sands, dashing spray against the sea wall. All along the waterfront were the sailing canoes, or catamarans of native fishermen. They kept circling back and forth offshore, their brown sails curved gracefully by the wind. Bronzed giants with uplifted spears stood poised in the bow, intently scanning the surface for the flash of game. Suddenly they would make a thrust, and one could see the native draw his spear out of the water with a floundering fish on the end.

At the end of a two-mile drive we came to the hotel in the center of a barren clearing. It was a very beautiful wide-spreading building, and I was surprised to find it in such an unattractive setting. Later, I learned that the woods and undergrowth had been cleared away in years gone by for military reasons.

That night I took a ride in a 'rickshaw, one of those funny two-wheel contrivances known as "the Fords of the tropics." On climbing in, I instructed the driver to amble around in any old direction. It seemed to me that he kept trotting farther and farther away from the hotel. At twelve o'clock we were still winding about. Sitting there in the 'rickshaw with my crutches alongside, I listened to the runner's hard brown feet, pounding over the road. All at once I realized that he was talking to another native who had overtaken us and was drawing an empty 'rickshaw. They trotted along side by side for some time, talking in low voices.

As time went on, I began to get a little suspicious. When they left the main road and headed for a thicket I was frankly alarmed. Two minutes and my suspicions were justified. From his sarong, my runner pulled an evil-looking knife and speaking to me in very broken English, demanded "backsheesh."

"Nothing doing," I said in a defiant tone.

The two crowded closer. The one with the evil-looking weapon spoke:

"You give me backsheesh or——" and he made an only too-suggestive flourish. I could feel the cold steel at my throat. Without further argument, I meekly climbed out of the 'rickshaw. I stood on my crutches while they went through my pockets, meanwhile wondering whether they would be satisfied with the few odd pieces of silver I had. Never before had I felt so keenly the lack of two good legs and 160 pounds of strength. Inwardly I was quaking, but I put up a bold front and threatened my two knights of the road with everything from a noose to an electric chair if they so much as touched a hair of my head.

After they had passed the hat they hung around for a while, talking in guttural tones. Each gesture sent a fresh attack of cold chills rushing up and down my back. When they finally left, I stood in the darkness of the tropical jungle until the sound of their flying feet died away.

Then I made my way slowly through the brush and over the tangled roots of trees out onto the road. I felt dizzy and nervous and my heart was pounding. I sat down by the edge of the road and waited.

Toward the early morning I caught the familiar creaking of 'rickshaw wheels. A runner was coming slowly down the road pulling an empty chair.

My first thought was perhaps my friends had come back to "finish me off." Nevertheless, I stood boldly up and hailed the approaching runner. He pulled to a halt and I climbed in.

"To the hotel, and an extra rupee if you step on it," I promised.

He must have thought from my tone that it was a matter of life and death, for he certainly threw up the dust on his way back. On arriving I told the clerk what had happened. He refused to share my excitement.

"Huh, a daily occurrence," he said in a patronizing tone. "Happens very often. We have been trying to catch that crowd but no success so far. They frighten different people, but they have never really harmed anyone."

"Nice little reception committee you have," I retorted ruefully, as I went off to bed.

The next afternoon I found myself sitting on the beach languidly watching the waves wash with a hissing sound high up on the shore. The beach was deserted except for a barely distinguishable figure out on the point about a mile and a half away. With

idle curiosity I watched this figure stroll along, stooping to pick up a shell, or stopping to stare out to sea. At the end of a half hour, I could make out the form of a native girl approaching with leisurely gait. She was dressed in a gay-colored cloth which was wrapped around her lithe body. Bare-footed and bare-armed, her long black tresses of hair flying in the wind, she made a beautiful wild figure framed against the cresting waves.

Closer and closer she came to my half-concealed nook. I watched her raise her slender rounded arms, stand on tip-toe, and with soft brown eyes and parted lips, beckon the sea.

For a moment or two I did not stir for fear this beautiful creature would become alarmed and flee. But I could not resist the temptation to call out to her.

"Won't you come over here?" I invited.

She whirled about like a startled fawn undecided whether to stay or take flight.

"I won't eat you," I assured her.

Apparently she understood what I had said for she smiled.

She stood before me first on one foot and then on the other. A little coaxing and she sat down.

"What's your name?" I asked.

"Melba," she answered, in a soft bell-like voice.

"Do you live near here?" I asked, becoming bold.

"Yes, up the beach a way and back in the woods, just my father and I." Then with a touch of pride she added, "He has the largest souvenir shop in all Colombo."

That accounted for her English.

Until time for dinner I sat with Melba, watching the sun play tricks with her hair, and listening to the soft sound of her voice. She would lean back with a far-away look in her eyes, moving her hands lightly, letting the grains of sand slip through. While I talked and talked, not until the skies had darkened did she realize the lateness of the hour. Then, springing up, she bid me a hasty "adieu" and was gone before I knew it.

That was the last I saw of Melba.

Bright and early next morning I left for Kandy, seventy miles from Colombo up in the hills. We crossed the Kanali River near Colombo and were at once out in the open country. We followed the river up and up through the most magnificent setting I've ever seen, past strange and lovely trees, queer ferns, and through oceans of beautiful wild flowers.

On every side stretched rice fields, great groves of palm and plantain trees, and evidences of intensive

agriculture. The railroad followed the Kanali River. From the car window I watched double canoes leisurely floating about on the slow moving current and native laundrymen walking along the river's banks.

The sloping sides of this vast valley were covered with innumerable terraces like gigantic steps one above the other. In some of the fields every stage of cultivation was visible at once. One's eye went from the brown stubble of harvest on one terrace to the sturdy young plants growing on another.

After fifty miles the ascent began to grow more noticeable. In the distance loomed imposing peaks, great masses of rocks with queer shapes. Many of the taller peaks were hidden in white mist. As we went higher, we left behind us the rice fields and came upon extensive tea fields and cocoanut plantations, the latter bearing large orange-red pods.

We passed houses and bungalows nestling on stilts under the palms. They were rickety affairs, most of them belonging to the laborers working in the field. They were roofed with cocoanut fiber and had adobe walls. Time after time we saw little naked children and women who looked up at us with curiosity as we whirled by. Out in the fields men were plowing and planting. The conductor on the train told me that

some of the young plants were transplanted by hand from one terrace to another. Imagine the endless labor! It is only in a country where labor is so cheap and living conditions so simple that this slow tedious method could survive.

We crossed the venerated Mahabahigagua River, the largest in Ceylon. As we approached Peradiniya, where the famous botanical gardens are located, we whirled over a bridge. Below, I caught a fleeting glance of the sacred temple elephants taking their baths. The great beasts were plainly off their dignity for the time being. They were up to all sorts of small-boy antics, trumpeting and blowing streams of water through their trunks as they capered about, stirring up the mud in their bath tub. That three-minute glance was worth more to me than two hours in a circus gazing at cowered and caged animals. These fellows certainly enjoyed life in a free, wide and handsome manner.

Four miles more and we reached Kandy, which lay in a valley circled by beautifully wooded hills on the shores of an exquisite lake. Out in the center of the lake, I noticed a small island on which was an arch crumbling in ruins. It suggested a Greek setting. As I viewed the panorama of Kandy I could easily understand why the natives have a proverb which

claims that Kandy is "only forty miles from heaven."

I went to the famous "Temple of the Tooth" in which one of Buddha's teeth is supposed to repose. This temple and its treasure are held in worshipful reverence by at least a quarter of the entire population of the island. The tooth was said to have been rescued from the ashes of Buddha's funeral pyre 2500 years ago. At various times, it was in the possession of the Malabars and the Portuguese. Devotees come from all over the world to worship, bringing tributes not only of fruit and flowers but also gold and silver ornaments.

The tooth is carefully secluded and can be seen only by royal visitors except at the great religious celebration held in August. Try as I might, I was unable to get a glimpse of it.

The priests were gentle and dignified looking fellows. There was a varying collection from novices to patriarchs, all with bare unshaven heads and all wearing the inevitable yellow robe which leaves one shoulder bare. One of them walked across the courtyard and in broken English asked me if I wished to go up in the corner tower. I thanked him and, following him, climbed with difficulty great stone steps to the cool and homely Temple library up in the cupola. From the deep windows I gazed down

on the lake which was as clear as dew, on the glorious trees with their red and pink blossoms and far beyond to the lofty rugged peaks.

Then I wandered out into the courtyard of the Temple and stopped in the shadow of a boghi tree. Here I watched two half-naked men in the yellow garments of penance talking together in low tones. Brown children with gleaming eyes and gaily colored scarves around their loins thronged inquisitively and noisily about the heels of an ancient peddler who was showing his wares in the shadow of the Temple.

The moment I left the Temple I was beset by hordes of beggars, many of them misshapen and blind, who stretched eager hands whimpering for alms. Their condition was curiously revolting in such a land of beauty.

That afternoon I sat in the cool of the hotel porch in dreamy contentment. The air up there in the mountains was a relief after the heat of Colombo and the Indian Ocean. At sundown I watched birds the size of eagles flying in great flocks up the valley.

Suddenly I uttered an exclamation of surprise. They were not birds but bats—ugly creatures that passed with a whir over our heads.

Next morning I left for Colombo and the decks of the *Orama*.

CHAPTER XX

OOZING THROUGH THE SUEZ

THE day after my return from the mountain village of Kandy, we sailed from the most enchanting island of the South Seas.

Out on deck, I crossed to the starboard side where the steward had set up my deck chair. With a feeling that was first cousin to contentment I stretched out and looked about me. Slowly the heavy lugubrious body of the ship wrenched itself free of the dock. Inch by inch the strip of dark green water widened between us and the shore. After some cumbersome maneuvering we were finally headed towards the open sea.

The late afternoon sky was crimson, the breeze cool. Far away to the stern I caught a last glimpse of a ribbon of surf breaking in the gloom and a fugitive impression of the indistinct lines of mountain ridges fading against the horizon. I watched three fishing smacks with all sails set tilted far over on their homeward tack. Harbor and island were

left behind and soon the receding land was wrapped in haze. Flecks of coal dust, blotted with moisture, fell over the washed deck which would not dry.

Bundled up in a light coat I lay there as the tropic dusk settled about me and thought somewhat apprehensively of my future. What would I do when this tutoring job came to an end? I had sold articles to the *Honolulu Advertiser* and to the *Sydney Sun*. Could I do the same thing in England? And then maybe in the States on my return? All this remained to be seen! But I resolved that, come what would, I was not going to make my way around the world as many college fellows had, depending on American consuls for help. I would fight my way out somehow or other on my own. Maybe I would have one of my lucky breaks.

Tired of wrestling with my ever-present economic problem, my mind drifted back to the island we had just left. I knew that high up in the mountains in a Temple of Buddha the strange and silent priests were offering their evening prayers at this hour. I could see again the sun as it dropped behind ragged peaks, leaving the valley in purple shadow. Once more I could hear chimes swelling from lofty belfries and echoing and re-echoing against the cliff.

And I could picture somewhere along the island's edge my dark-skinned maid barefooted and bare-armed. I could see her as she gazed out to sea, her pretty eyes shadowed with sadness, her heart wistful, as our lumbering old tub churned off into the thickening dusk. Poor little girl! Romance had touched at her port one day, only to sail away the next. I refused to harbor the awful thought that doubtless on the morrow she would find consolation in the honeyed compliments of some lucky beachcomber.

Egypt did not beckon us with cool arms. For days we sailed through the Indian Ocean without sight of land. I got awfully fed up tutoring my two charges. I think they were a bit fed up, too. The heat had caused my infection to spread and I suffered constantly from the pain in my leg. Consequently, my temper was none too sweet. However, the prospect of going ashore at Suez, then to Cairo and possibly up the Nile, cheered me and enabled me to buck up under the trials of my rôle as a nursemaid.

We seldom passed another vessel. The horizon was unbroken and the sea lay stretched out like an enormous dish under the curve of the sky. In this empty inarticulate space I lost all count of time.

After two weeks—according to the calendar—we came within sight of the flat Arabian coast. Followed more monotonous days of heat and inactivity. The crowd lounged about idly, trying to stir up interest in games and playing cards under deck awnings. A great many were sleeping out on deck at night as the air down below was stifling.

But even life on the Indian Ocean was paradise in comparison to what we found it on the Red Sea. That stretch of water was the hottest place I have ever struck in all my travels. The desert shut us in on both sides. There were no fresh streams to cool the sea and the blazing tropical sun beat down with terrific intensity. The temperature of the water at the surface was about 100°. It steamed the heavy air like a vast hot-water plant. The sun's rays were reflected by the desert which acted as an enormous radiator. There seemed to be only a sheet of blazing blue steel between us and the lower region.

At "The Gates of Hell" where we entered the Red Sea a fierce sandstorm swept across the narrows, covering the ship with red dust so fine that it got through the portholes and into our beds. This violent storm had come from Arabia. Perhaps it followed some of the thousands of Mohammedan

pilgrims plowing their slow arduous way over the great sweeps of desert toward Mecca.

I climbed the bridge as our ship passed Jidda in Arabia. Here, so the pilot told me, according to the Mohammedans, Eve lies buried. Taking a squint through the ship's glass, I could see the place where the great-grandmother of all mankind is supposed to lie. Her tomb is just outside the city wall. It is 400 feet long and a mosque rises like a sentinel above it.

Contrary to my expectations, I found the Red Sea coast thinly populated. There were no cities of any size and few villages. Going northward we passed the Italian possessions on the West Coast, mostly great arid tracts of land of small value. The strip is inhabited by brownskin Nomads of the desert who raise camels, oxen, sheep and goats. These tribes move from place to place, wandering over the desert and living in tents.

At Suez we entered the Suez Canal. It was early evening when we left the Red Sea; and as the darkness came on we sailed through the heart of the Arabian Desert. The scene was lonely and weird but beautiful. Above, the stars of the tropics gleamed brightly while a great round moon turned the Canal into a gleaming ribbon of molten silver.

Hanging spellbound at the rail I looked out over the mystic silent Desert of Arabia. Now and then I glimpsed a caravan of long-legged camels with their ghostlike riders swaying up and down under the pale rays of the golden moon. Ships of the Desert, they rose and sank over shadowy sands; for a moment outlined against the heavens they gave life to the barren waste. The next instant, swallowed in the dip of a rolling sand dune, they left behind nothing but the white loneliness.

On such nights a blazing globe at our masthead threw a light across the channel in front of the ship, turning the water a deep blue-black. In the distance were the lights of other vessels bearing down upon us. They swept towards us like great monsters out of the darkness until they came within the radius of our searchlight.

On those nights I would have given anything to have had Mary Rose near. Without her the superb setting was not quite complete. I felt that I could cheerfully stand the struggles I knew were to come if only I could count on an occasional glimpse of her. The reader may smile, but when one is twenty and head over heels in love with love, a moon-drenched ocean and the memory of a pretty girl is enough to make one squirm.

Slowly the ships edged their way past, their rigging and spars standing out in great shadowy masses against the night like webs of giant spiders. The whole voyage up the Canal was slow for ships were allowed to go only five or six miles an hour. Now and then we had to tie up to the big "bollards" or posts which are strung out along both sides of the cut from Port Said to Suez. Canal rules require that when two ships meet, one must stop and hug the bank until the other has passed. The banks are walled with stone to prevent sand from falling in and filling up the Canal. Notwithstanding this precaution the dredges have to keep working all the year round. There are small villages along the waterway; but aside from these straggling groups of little hovels there were few signs of life.

The desert certainly hasn't the appeal during the daytime that it has at night. Here and there one sees a camel caravan trotting along over the crystal sands, and occasionally a flock of long-necked cranes spring into the air with a furious beating of wings and rise in great circles to glide off on outstretched pinions.

At last we arrived off Port Saïd, a city of rambling old shacks, sweltering under the blistering heat of a midday sun; Port Saïd the hellhole of creation! The

most unattractive looking spot on the face of the globe. While it is one of the busiest ports in the world it proved to be only a miserable overgrown Arab village. Though it also housed several thousand unfortunate Europeans, who for reasons of their own, stuck it out.

CHAPTER XXI

TRAILING CLEOPATRA

THE moment I set foot in the miserable shanty town of Port Saïd my troubles began. I was one of the first to leave the steamer. Propped against a mountain of luggage on the pierhead, I gave a sigh of relief. How good it was to be ashore after weeks on the ship!

I stood around waiting for the rest of the gang to follow, meanwhile trying to appease the curiosity of my two infant wards. Each was hanging on to a crutch, and both were staring with big round eyes at a crate of chattering monkeys ready for shipment to some zoo. All of a sudden I heard an unearthly yelling. Startled, I turned around to see a lot of wild men apparently springing out of the earth.

With bewildering suddenness twenty unwashed Arabian scarecrows led a massed attack on our luggage. Custer never braved a fiercer charge. They streamed from every nook and cranny. Bare muscles strained, rags and tatters flying in the breeze, they swept down upon us.

They kicked, gouged and engaged generally in a brutal warfare for the privilege of carrying our baggage to the Cairo express. Above the dust and yells of the barbarous porters floated the piercing and agonizing shrieks of my two young lady companions. Big tears were rolling down their cheeks and terror was in their eyes as they besought me with heartrending sobs to "find Daddy."

I quieted them as best I could, meanwhile keeping both eyes glued upon the brigands. It was a sharp tussle, but two seemed to emerge victors. For fear of physical brutality, I rewarded both handsomely. The dust cleared and I saw Mr. Gibbons and several other passengers following my uninspired example. The two children made a bee-line for their father who looked as though he had just finished a duel with a herd of elephants.

A very large woman passenger rushed by dragging a small man by the arm. "He's had his pockets picked," she wailed. "Someone has taken all his money. He's my husband!"

No one registered the slightest interest. It was one of those brief lapses when one is not interested in one's neighbor.

As meek as lambs we followed our porters. Quietly we crept aboard the train, meanwhile speaking in

low tones for fear of stirring up another uprising. Every few seconds the bloodcurdling cry for backsheesh smote our ears. I found out later that it is only the newcomers to the shore of this hospitable country who dare raise a kick against the onslaught at the pier. The thing to do is to keep your temper and hold your tongue. If you can hold yourself in long enough the voices will drop from a yell to a mere moan.

We left the station platform topsy-turvy and found ourselves jammed bag and baggage into filthy compartments. A toot of the whistle and we got underway for Cairo. Heat rose in waves from the blistering sand, making the inside of the train hotter than an incubator. Shirt collars were unbuttoned and hairy chests exposed without embarrassment. Gallant husbands doused the splitting heads of their spouses with wringing wet towels. The native conductor, vexed at all the world, the white half in particular, did his little share in making life miserable for us.

For the first hour the two children wept incessantly. Then their well of tears dried up and they fell into an exhausted slumber. I sat or rather lay across the top of our bags. The pain was shooting up and down my bad leg. By way of diversion I attempted

to make conversation with the only cool looking person in the whole compartment—a lackadaisical English army officer who seemed to have been stationed in these parts long enough to be somewhat accustomed to weather conditions.

"Pretty warm here," I volunteered.

"What, what? Yes, awfully. Beastly climate," stretching his long arms, and yawning.

"Uninteresting scenery."

No answer. Another yawn.

I was about to give up, when with the greatest effort he turned and asked me where I hailed from.

"The States," I answered, a little annoyed.

"Long way off. Very beautiful. Great place. Been there once. Can't understand why the devil anyone leaves it for the Land of the Dead."

"What do you mean 'The Land of the Dead'?" I asked.

"Out where I'm stationed that's the term we apply to this God-forsaken country," he told me. "Pretty spots of course. Cairo marvelous. Ah, but these deuced deserts," he shrugged his shoulders in a weary fashion. "They get you. Like to be back in old England," he added without the slightest change of expression.

The strain of talking proved too great for the

poor chap. He took a swig from a hip pocket flask and lapsed again into silence.

I looked out of the compartment window. The sky had become slightly overcast and big white clouds were rolling across the blue heavens. I lay back in the car and dozed off to the rat-tat-tat of wheels speeding over redhot rails.

I awoke with a start and looked out of the window. We were on the outskirts of Cairo. The country had changed, the rich soil green with growing stuff. Fat cattle by the hundred grazed upon the fields. Swaybacked camels with loads of hay weighing about a ton were struggling along a dusty road. Egyptian men wearing colored turbans were riding asses through the field. They looked ridiculous as they nodded away on the backs of donkeys. The animals appeared to be walking in their sleep. Veiled women crowded about the train, their big eyes staring at us as we swept by. We passed grove after grove of date palm trees, their fanlike leaves swaying in the breeze.

At this juncture, my British friend showed a little sign of life.

"See over there," he pointed towards the horizon. "Those have brought many pounds into the tills of Thomas Cook & Sons."

I looked and saw three ghostlike cones of gray rising out of the golden sands, the famous pyramids.

"Those old slabs of stone are centuries old," he volunteered. "Probably wicked old Nero spooned in their shadows."

Just then our Twentieth Century locomotive whistled a terrible shriek as though hurling a defiant taunt at age.

Rounding a bend, we came upon it, the life of the land of Egypt. On our right majestically flowed the great broad-bosomed Nile. Like a huge snake it wound its way through the fertile valley, glistening cool and clear in the light of the setting sun.

Peering out, I saw the flat-roofed buildings of Cairo. Above them rose the queer-shaped towers and domes of a hundred mosques. From a distance the place looked as strange to me as Coney Island must look to a Swedish emigrant.

We arrived at a station as modern as any in the United States. Here we had another mad battle with the porters. Like the Englishman who expected to find bucking-bronchos in the streets of New York, I had looked forward to a quiet little jaunt on a camel's back to the hotel. Instead, I had to climb prosaically into a taxicab with the two children.

We went rushing madly through crowded streets, through a littered bazaar section, past European shops, scattering small rugged little donkeys to right and left and narrowly missing several worthy citizens. The children screamed with delight.

"Cut down the pace," I shouted to our driver. But I might as well have yelled at a madman. Faster and faster he tore, until finally in a cloud of dust he jolted us to a stop in front of the revolving doors of the Shepheard's Hotel. I almost fell out of the cab in my anxiety to get myself and my charges free of the death trap in which we had been joy-riding.

"What's the fare?" I began to argue once my crutches were braced on the earth.

"Twenty piastres," was his emotionless reply.

"You lunatic!" I shouted at him.

Just then Mr. Gibbons, only two lengths behind, arrived in his snorting steed. He was as pale as death.

"My dear man," were his only words as he gently lifted himself out.

Again, crestfallen we paid.

I could have plucked the teeth from that driver's head. With a broad smirk, he reached out his hand for the fare, clashed his gears home and rolled away.

The children, exhausted after the trying trip, went to bed as soon as they had been fed. I was

free to see this strange city. After nightfall I wandered forth. Fortunately we had arrived in Cairo on the birthday of the Prophet. It was the feast day among the Mohammedans and there was a grand celebration under way at the Alabaster Mosque which was perched on the citadel above Cairo. Its illuminated minarets, ranged like beacon-lights against the sky, overlooking the Nile valley, the dark desert land and the vast city blazing with glory, proclaimed the Mohammedan faith to the world.

In the dusty air of night floated the shrill cry of believers. "Allah is great." "There is no God but Allah." "The Mohammedan is the Prophet of Allah." "Come to worship." The cries rang out over and over again, swelling and reverberating through the city. Somehow they sent creepy chills up and down my Anglo-Saxon backbone.

We drove through the European section of the city. Here the streets were wide and bordered by beautiful residences and elegant shops. I found Cairo a city of mixed races. Every nationality in the world seemed to be represented. I jostled against an Englishman who was in animated conversation with a Turk; while a short distance away I overheard a German and Frenchman jabbering at each other. A Greek and Italian seated on a park bench were

listening to a nearby military band which alternately played American and European airs.

The crowd on the streets was by no means composed entirely of men. Women scattered through it. I was very curious and wished I could see behind their veils. They had such large soulful eyes, fringed with dark lashes. A great place, Cairo. Modern and ancient, beautiful and picturesque!

Realizing that it was wiser to return to the hotel after a hard day and prepare myself for the morrow I started to go back. But the romance of the city was too strong; I changed my mind and instructed the driver to take me through one of the old sections. Once we found ourselves in the heart of ancient Cairo the streets resounded with the cries of vendors of sweetmeats and drinks.

I drank a gallon of lemonade dispensed from a big brass bottle on the back of the seller and lived to regret my rashness! I soon threw caution to the wind and decided that while I was in Cairo I would do as the Egyptians probably do *not* do. In that mood I risked an exchange of glances with a demure maiden who was selling oranges from a large basket perched on her head. She was calling out her wares in the strangest language.

"Buy my oranges. They're sweet as honey, and

I know that Allah will make my basket light!" My driver volunteered the translation.

To my surprise, when I asked for her biggest oranges the young lady answered me in broken but understandable English. I noticed the basket of oranges quiver ever so slightly but enough to give me added courage.

"Pardon me, but you're very beautiful," I said, letting the words roll out in deep tones.

She glanced at me, took special account of the crutches, and apparently deciding that I looked harmless, allowed herself to be persuaded into sharing my evening jaunt.

She climbed aboard my vehicle. Our ride soon erased my disagreeable memories of the Red Sea. Indeed, all the runners in upper and lower Egypt could have demanded backsheesh and without a whimper I would have shelled out to the last buffalo nickel. More, I would have wished them Godspeed and success with their next victim!

I have only a vague recollection of where we drove. I remember that the night was cool and that the streets were narrow. Oriental Cairo is a city of donkeys and camels; our driver was a good fellow and never looked back. When we parted the ride back to the hotel seemed awfully long.

Next day found me on one of Cook & Sons' white steamers churning our way up the Nile to Luxor, our destination.

I sat in a nook near the wheel-house, my badly abused leg on a pillow. Like Cleopatra I drank in the splendor of the river. We steamed on and on through the cotton and wheat fields of the delta, between banks lined with gently waving palms, past great bluffs and buttresses of rock, casting fingers of shade on the hot sand; past drab-colored huts of villagers working in the field; past camels and donkeys lazily trotting along, or sunk in stupid slumber in the shade of a group of trees.

High lateen sails of the Nile boats passed sweeping before the breeze, or lay idle with flapping canvas at the river's edge. The strangest thing was the stillness. Even the fat woman who had been preaching suffrage to an Episcopal minister felt it. It seemed as though the whole earth slept. From where I sat the only sound was the swish-swash of the paddle wheel, churning the waters into streamers of foam. Occasionally the long drawn out bray of a donkey floated off to us. What a land! It was full of seductive loneliness.

When a bell tinkled heralding dinner I went below. As Mr. Gibbons and the two children had not come

down yet I followed the head waiter to a small table near the port. A few moments later, a short stout weather-beaten little man came in and took the chair opposite. He glanced out at a passing sail-boat.

"Ah," he said pleasantly, wiping his forehead with a large bandana handkerchief. "Give me the tiller of a little tub like that and I'd live the life of a Chinese fisherman. Never step ashore. Just float on forever under the Egyptian skies."

He had expressed my sentiments exactly!

After reaching Luxor, the Valley of the Kings was next in order. Nearly everyone mounted donkeys but did I? No, sir, I sank back in the cushions of a "carrying chair" and gave orders to four husky dragomen to "carry on."

"Oh! Look at Mark Anthony!" One of my little charges sang out. I dropped the curtain and sank back on my heaving cushions wondering where Cleopatra was!

Into the tombs themselves, I used a crutch on one side and the dragoman (who dragged me all over Egypt) on the other.

Upon our return to Luxor my *right* leg began to swell. When I got back to Cairo it seemed seriously infected. I asked Shepheard's to recommend a

doctor. They sent me a Swiss surgeon. He took me to a Greek hospital where they had German nurses and Arab attendants!

In the operating room, when I asked what was going to happen, the Swiss doctor broke into a flood of French. The German nurses agreed with hearty "Ja Ja's" and the Arab scissors grinders broke into smiles of approval.

I broke into a cold sweat!

I was afraid that in their enthusiasm they would take away the only leg I had left. So I firmly refused an anæsthetic and let two burly Arabs hold me down. I wanted to keep an eye on that pin! The surgeon ordered me a water glass of brandy and told me it would take a quarter of an hour. He made a good guess. It was sixteen minutes before they started to bandage. There had been active competition between my eyes and the beads of perspiration on my forehead as to which could stick out farthest! You could have knocked them both off with a stick!

A four day rest, just time out, and I was rearing to leave that League of Nations. My employer rescued me and I returned to Shepheard's Hotel for eight days before going to Port Said and sailing for Italy.

CHAPTER XXII

"HOWDY, BENITO!"

I SLOUCHED down in a chair near the window.

"Jolly old Africa," I heard someone breathe at my elbow.

It was Major Fanner, a British officer from the Soudan whom I had met on the Cairo express. We dined together and tasted again of feathered fowl, the same old dish we had had all over Egypt, chicken tender and tough, creamed, stewed, baked and roasted, every way but the real way, *fried*. Dinner finished, we gathered in the lounge awaiting sailing time.

At last, the *Ormuz* came out of the Canal and dropped anchor off Port Said. Her lights looked warm and welcome in the distance; people began to leave the hotel in small boats and launches which were to take them to the ship. A big German steamer, bulking black against the night, came to anchor and more people left the shelter of the Marino Palace Hotel. My employers had already

gone aboard the *Ormuz*. I sat freezing, waiting to get up courage to go out into the night alone. Finally, I started down to the quay with a porter alongside dragging my baggage.

There was a heavy sea running. Salt spray dashed up into my face. Great hungry waves slapped high against the quay, making it almost impossible to board the launch. I thought we would be swamped crossing the stretch of turbulent water between the wharf and the *Ormuz*.

The ship was rolling heavily when we reached her; the gangway one moment submerged, the next, twenty feet clear of the water. Her high steel sides looked menacing. Anxious officers peered over the rail ready for a possible emergency. Our boatman cautiously sidled up to the gangway and one by one the crowd aboard the launch made the jump. My turn came. After repeated maneuvering, a husky porter and I made the jump together in a mad scramble. With my heart in my mouth, I gripped the steel railing and yanked myself onto the platform, only to be deluged by the next oncoming wave. Swish—the green comber came hissing along the side of the ship at express-train speed, drenching me to the skin. I hung on for dear life.

My porter made a wild leap for the launch and

landed on the gunwale. Unmindful of my own danger, I stood paralyzed, waiting for him to fall into the sea. But no, he swayed for a moment, then with a tilt of the wash lurched into the cockpit. Swinging on the railing, I climbed the gangway alone, the wounds in my leg smarting from the contact with salt water. Each slippery step was a distinct and separate Gethsemane.

Out on deck, I was nearly bowled over by the howling gale that whistled about closed ventilators and made the taut rigging beat a tattoo. On our port, the launch, smothered in foam, was plowing through the heavy seas toward the land. Lights of Port Said were barely visible in the distance. Rain beat down on the deck.

Came a long whistle that was smothered in the mist. The German liner was leaving for the open sea; we were scheduled to follow shortly. The steward had brought my crutches and with his aid I made the safety of the lounge where I sank into an easy chair.

I had just settled myself when from somewhere behind I heard a gruff voice:

"Why haven't you an artificial foot on that leg of yours, young man?"

Startled by the brusque question, I faced about for

THROWING A COIN IN THE FOUNTAIN THAT INSURES RETURN TO THE ETERNAL CITY.

Ambassador Fletcher and the Author.

a look at the man who would address a stranger so abruptly. I saw a tall, distinguished looking chap of perhaps thirty. At his side was a charming young woman who gave me a reassuring smile.

"My husband lost his leg in the World War at about the same point you lost yours," she explained. "He is interested in everybody who has suffered a similar misfortune."

"My infection has gone to my thigh as well as into my other leg, so I cannot yet be fitted with an artificial leg," I stammered.

"That's too bad," said the abrupt stranger. "It struck me as a shame that a young man like you cannot get around as well as I do when I am many years older."

At this juncture, he got to his feet and demonstrated his statement by stamping briskly about the salon. He walked without a stick or crutch and with only a slight limp. Coming to a halt in front of me, he pulled up his trouser leg and proudly displayed a tin leg attached to his knee. I was impressed and showed it. In a few moments, we were deep in an animated conversation. One thing led to another, and presently he asked me whether I would like to play bridge. We found a fourth and settled down to a quiet evening at cards without any

introductions having been made. I later learned that the English are quite casual about introductions, or the lack of them.

When bedtime came, my new friend helped me to my cabin. I did not know his name, but I had heard him addressed as "General," so I mumbled, "Good-night General *mmmm*," and ducked inside. Imagine my astonishment the next morning when the ship's surgeon jocularly remarked to me:

"I see you are chumming around with the Lord of Oxford and Asquith's son."

"What!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he replied. "Your bridge partners last evening were none other than General and the Hon. Mrs. Asquith, weren't they?"

That was my first intimation of the identity of my friendly "pick-up" of the evening before.

We left and I went up on deck. I found the storm of last night had vanished. The Mediterranean never looked more peaceful. It was truly living up to its romantic reputation. I found my deck chair and placed it alongside that of General and Mrs. Asquith. As I sat down, I greeted them with as much cheerfulness as I could muster.

The depressing truth was that I had awakened that morning to find myself with a sore throat.

Tonsillitis soon set in. The ship's doctor said that I should have to be put off at the first port we made. By this time the command to leave the ship had become an old story, so I was not greatly upset over this last repetition. Besides, we were getting off at Naples anyway. At Rome I was to leave the children I was tutoring, as the family was going to Switzerland and Germany. I was anxious to get on to England where I might find a good doctor.

On a beautiful moonlight night we steamed through the Straits of Messina while on our starboard hand lay the shores of Italy; to port, the sloping green hills of Sicily. There was hardly a ripple on the water. A school of porpoises followed our course for miles, playing about the bow of the ship.

Next morning we docked in the crowded harbor of Naples, one of the most beautiful spots in the world. It was a happy change from the drabness of Port Said. Bidding my new friends, General Asquith and his wife, goodbye, I followed my employer and the children to an express for Rome, where I was to leave them. As I had contracted to tutor the children to Europe and in turn had been promised that I would be sent on to England, I did not have to worry about my passage.

Again I got a good "break." Mussolini was

interviewing a group of American students. I had heard about the audience and begged admittance to the ranks. The Americans were a great crowd of young fellows and readily agreed to let me get in line. With pounding heart I waited my turn to meet the world-famous Dictator. I was already building dreams about this incident. It would be something to brag about to my grandchildren! One by one we stepped up and shook the premier's hand. Most of us showed that we felt terribly ill at ease; we were consciously dwarfed by his greatness. My turn came. Trembling, I gripped his hand. I bent my head and without realizing that a familiar salutation might be very much out of place, I whispered: "Howdy, Benito!"

Then my courage deserted me. Cold shivers ran up and down my spine. I saw nothing but two big glowing eyes with all the power in the world behind them. But the eyes were twinkling. Great! That meant that I hadn't made such a terrible break after all!

Several of my fellow countrymen had overheard me and could hardly control their laughter. The interview was over in a few moments. The great man gave me a nod of the head and a smile as I left. I felt as if I had been knighted.

Four days in marvelous Rome! Days filled with sightseeing wherein there was really something to see. Then the family I had been tutoring for left for Florence. As the overland journey to Paris was too expensive for me and since there were many changes to make en route, I decided to go back to Naples and sail from there for London.

There was no blast of trumpets as I left Rome on a fast express for Naples. Behind me, wrapped in slumber, lay that great center of ancient civilization, "The Eternal City." In the gray hours of early morning the Seven Hills, keepers of Rome for untold centuries, looked haughtily down upon my departure. But I had the feeling I was too small and insignificant to be visible.

Aboard the ship—the name of which must of necessity be left out because of what happened—I set sail for London by Marseilles and Gibraltar. The ship's surgeon was a crank.

The first morning out, when I made my way toward the surgery and climbed up on a filthy operating table, I thought that surely I would pick up a secondary infection. How I ever survived, I don't know. As it was, the doctor and I had a heated argument over the unsanitary condition of his whole ship, the result of which necessitated my leaving the

ship at Marseilles of my own free will, or being thrown off!

I put up strenuous objections, but I had no alternative when he told me that he would take no further interest in my case when he left Marseilles. That would have meant a long voyage during which, in my condition, anything might have happened. Should complications develop on a trip like that—well, I did not anticipate going under the care of that ship's doctor.

I landed in Marseilles on a cold dreary day. There was no basking in the sun on the Riviera and tossing gold coins to the croupiers for this lad. Instead, I had a corking battle with a French official. The powers that be strenuously objected to my coming ashore; the ship's surgeon refused to allow me to stay aboard! I was in the middle of a very bad fix. In addition, I felt pretty low and was lower still in funds. It took all my very anæmic French and all my diplomacy to get leave to land. Fortunately my passport had been viséd for France before leaving Australia. This was the thing that really saved me.

Resolving that I would see Marseilles or die, I climbed aboard a bus that wound up the mountainside above the city. From the heights, I looked down on the beautiful harbor entrance and the bay

filled with ships. There was a long line of brownstone breakwaters against which the surf was pounding. On the hill nearby stood an old church covered with ivy. It looked like some historic château.

I returned to the city and wandered about the streets waiting for the train that was to leave that evening. What luck: I turned a corner and ran square into the Bishop of Bombay whom I had met in India. The Bishop is one of the most picturesque figures I had ever seen, a big distinguished looking man with a heavy square beard which flows over his waistcoat, reminding one of a mediæval Russian priest. Around his neck he wore a silk cord holding an ornamental gold cross which dangled proudly on his bosom.

"Hello, my son," he greeted me with a twinkle in his eye and with a bit of a stutter in his kindly voice. "What are you doing in this part of the world?"

I could have pulled his beard, I was so glad to see him! That night we left together on the train for Paris.

CHAPTER XXIII

SILK HATS AND RAGS

I ROLLED over in bed with a start. Day was breaking. Against the crimson tinted skies of the cold February dawn, I caught my first glimpse of the Eiffel Tower. Hundreds of feet above the street rose the slender graceful shaft of steel network. Like a guardian it hovered above the gray roofs of Paris. I held my breath. What a sight! The train came to a halting stop; three minutes later, I set my crutches upon the pavement of Paris.

"Goodbye, Bishop."

"Farewell, Ellery boy."

My friend hurried away, and in a moment was lost to sight. I was alone now; worse, I was practically penniless. A stranger in a city of three millions, my pockets jingled to the lonesome tune of my few remaining francs! For a moment the realization of my predicament frightened me; but the color, the rush, the size of Paris was fascinating. Even the morning sun seemed to smile down in a friendly fashion.

I hobbled across the station platform, and sat down on a bench. Across the street was a Parisian café fronting the station with its bright awnings. It wasn't a very dressy place, but it looked clean. The stout wax-mustached proprietor was busy dusting off the brassbound tables and blue chairs. Next door two housewives with baskets over their arms were striking an early morning bargain with a butcher. A milk car had pulled to the curb. There was a banging of cans on the sidewalk as the driver made his spirited delivery.

The city was awakening. Doors slammed; windows which had apparently been closed against the night air were now recklessly thrown open. Charwomen who seemed to pop up through cracks in the pavement plodded toward their day's labor. A waif of the streets of indeterminable sex slunk by, cocking his eyes sidewise at my missing foot. Servants were scrubbing doorsteps. The streets, gutters, and sidewalks were being flushed with water. In a little while, the water dried leaving the pavement as clean as a kitchen table.

For nearly an hour I rested, watching this strange scene. It must be well past breakfast time by now, I thought. The traffic seemed to be in a hopeless jam. Horns of a hundred tones screamed for the

right of way. My head was in a whirl as I gazed at the red discs of the omnibuses, at the street car stops where crowds of people were waiting for the long green cars with women conductors.

Presently, the sharp pains in my leg and a sore throat reminded me that I was a pretty sick person. I should have to hunt around for a cheap place to live for the next three or four days. I had heard that one could live on the Left Bank for less than nothing.

I hailed a cab and hopped in.

"Driver, take me any place where I can lie down," were my instructions. My head was beginning to spin. It spun worse than ever when we got started.

The driver took the narrow congested streets at a jumping gait, squeezing his car through spaces with barely an inch to spare on either side. With piercing blasts of his horn, he roared at top speed down narrow unfrequented streets not bothering to slow up at the blind crossings. Suddenly, he slammed on his brake. My heart pounded. I waited for something to happen. Three seconds. Still no crash. I sank back, gulping for air. Gosh, what a narrow escape. But that was only the first of a series of thrills and escapes following one right after another. I found out that there was more excitement riding in a

Parisian taxicab than in taking the chutes on Coney Island.

I wound up in a tiny pension on the Left Bank. The place was quaint enough if you were in the mood to appreciate shuttered windows, gay awnings, gabled roofs and pretty squares; but I found these places were highly uncomfortable to live in. I had to climb two flights of rickety stairs to a cold attic under a leaky roof. The place was supposed to be artistic; I guess it was. There was a slanting ceiling that was really the roof. Old draperies clung dispiritedly to the walls; there was a scrawny looking rug stretched on a creaky floor. In one corner were a couple of dilapidated chairs and a bed that reminded me of my first quarters in Chicago, nearly seven years before. This place was my home for four days.

At a little window in one end of the room, I brushed aside the cobwebs and gazed out. Below flowed the Seine river. A metropolitan tugboat, smoke pouring from its hinged stack, was plowing up the river. Strung out behind, each at the end of a hundred yards of cable, were four blunt-nosed heavily laden barges. The tugboat had an enormous rudder, gaily painted deckworks, curtained windows and flower boxes on the low cabin roofs.

The husky bargeman, clad in loose corduroy trou-

sers and a brilliant sash, was leaning against the great beam of a tiller. There were fifty other boats like this steaming up and down the river.

I crawled into bed to keep from freezing. In a little while I heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs. Hesitating footsteps, and the tap of a cane. The footfalls reached the second landing. There came a knock on my door.

"Come in," I called out.

A very old man sidled in with a couple of sticks of wood under one arm. He had a long gray beard and a very wrinkled face. I found myself wondering how he had ever been able to make the stairs; he looked so old and feeble. Kneeling on the hearth, he built a fire and left without a word. In a little while he came back with food.

For four days I stayed in bed. My only companion was the old man who day after day took care of the fire and brought me food. A medley of noises drifted up from the street below—the sound of a violin, of angry voices, of singing, and the laughter of children. It was depressing to be shut away from all the rest of the world. I kept wondering what was going on outside.

On the second day, I set about writing some articles that I hoped to sell in England. Driven by

necessity, I worked on them industriously for I hoped that they meant food and lodging. It was hard to keep my mind from wandering from the job in hand; but I managed to finish three stories dealing with my adventures in Mexico, the Fiji Islands, and Ceylon.

Outside, all about me was gay pleasure-loving Paris, the city where I had longed to play with the rest of the world. Not for me—not this time, at any rate. If I wanted to eat I must push on to London where the newspapers were printed in English. My only chance of saving myself from the poorhouse was to sell these articles. On the fourth day, feeling a little better, I left my quarters for the station.

It was noon, but the sun had climbed only halfway up the Eiffel Tower. I drove along the rue de la Paix on the way to the station. A light snow had mantled the Boulevard in beauty. On my right a big Renault edged past. Inside I caught sight of a woman decked out in rich jewelry and furs. To my right and left were glittering displays of pearls, sapphires, and diamonds—ransom enough for all the kings from the time of Cæsar, down to the latest king of bootleggers.

Everywhere were trees hanging their heads waiting for Spring. High sidewalks and tunnels abutted out

into the street. At the station a picturesque guard bundled up in a heavy cape helped me to get aboard. Soon I had left Paris behind. Ahead was Boulogne, the English Channel, and then—London!

I had just settled back in the compartment when the tall figure of an Englishman filled the doorway.

"My wife and I saw you get on the train, and I wondered if there was anything we could do to help you?" he asked.

"I think I can manage very nicely, thank you," I replied.

"But do you feel able to look out for yourself?" persisted the tall stranger.

"Never better in my life," I assured him blithely, meanwhile wondering why the dickens it mattered to him.

His next question was even more startling.

"Are you sure that you have plenty of money?" he asked me.

He was the first foreigner I had ever met in all my travels who didn't think that every American was weighed down with gold. Somehow, I couldn't tell him the truth; it would look too much like a direct bid for sympathy—and help. I thanked my visitor and again assured him that I thought I could manage.

"As you think best," he courteously agreed, "but

promise me that you will call on me if you need any help in getting through the customs."

A white man if I ever saw one.

I passed the immigration officials at Boulogne without a skirmish. The next step was getting aboard the Channel boat. This also was safely accomplished.

"Do you want a cabin, sir?" the solicitous steward asked.

"How much are they?" I countered.

"Eight shillings, sir."

"No, thank you," I said promptly. "I'm a sort of fresh air fiend. Can't bear the confinement of walls."

The steward assured me that he understood. As a matter of fact, I think he did!

Making my way forward, I climbed up on a trunk far up on the bow and settled down for my first trip across the Straits of Dover. A cold drizzle had set in. Hunched up in my thin coat, I clenched my chattering teeth and tried to watch the crowd. Suddenly who should I see bustling on the quay in a hurry to get aboard but the Bishop of Bombay! I waved wildly. He spotted me and the moment he came aboard he came forward and we shook hands warmly.

"Have you a cabin?" he asked.

"No, sir, I haven't," I admitted.

He invited me to share his cabin with his wife and himself. I gladly accepted. The steward who came forward to help me down from my lofty perch gave me a sly wink. I winked back!

By this time, the boat was well away from the French coast. Soon we were out of sight of land for a heavy fog had settled over the Channel. I made my way down the slippery deck to the Bishop's cabin. His wife gave me a warm welcome and the fine old gentleman brought me tea himself. We were about ready to land at Folkstone when he came into the cabin and said that in prowling around he had run into an old friend.

"He is Lord Winterton," he told me, "an under-secretary of State for India. He wants you to take dinner with him on the train that meets us at Folkstone."

I did not know who Lord Winterton was but the title sounded very grand. It made me laugh to think of a lonely and if not a broke, certainly a badly bent, American boy being handed about among Bishops and Lords. I gratefully accepted the invitation from the Bishop's friend, meanwhile wondering with a guilty feeling if I could get back from the railroad company the price of my dinner.

At Folkstone, I had no trouble getting through the customs for Bishop "John" just said the magic words, "Bishop of Bombay and Party," and he and his wife and I with all our porters and baggage passed in state.

Imagine my surprise when I boarded the train at Folkstone to find waiting in my compartment the tall, distinguished looking stranger who had been so nice to me on the Boulogne express! After introducing himself, he presented me to his charming wife.

Winterton proved a fine chap, a typical well-bred Englishman, a great sportsman, and a corking good conversationalist with a keen sense of humor. From the outset, I liked both him and his wife immensely.

As the train roared through the countryside, Lord Winterton pointing out the highlights of interest and the countess pressing upon me bountiful helpings of a big dinner, I couldn't help whispering to myself, "You lucky devil, you!"

Victoria Station was shrouded in fog. A fine needle-like rain was falling. Lord Winterton wanted to help me further but I told him I was going to meet someone; so with a pleasant goodbye he and Lady Winterton left after asking me to promise that I would come to their "town house" and have a

meal with them. That made two meals, for I had not forgotten General Asquith's offer. I figured that after my money was gone, by carefully spacing these two meals I might last for two days without any outlay of funds.

London—and still broke!

In order to avoid taxi fare, I climbed the marble steps to the Grosvenor Hotel which hovers protectively over Victoria Station. Here, I got a "bed and breakfast" for "ten and six."

My plans were a little hazy. The only definite idea I had was to endeavor to get my stories published. I enquired of the hall porter which he thought was the best London Weekly. He advised me to go to the dispatch offices in Warden's Place. I figured that this tip was worth trying. Feeling like Samuel Johnson in his Grub Street days, I donned my threadbare top coat, thrust my three manuscripts into the pocket, and stepped out onto the square. Drawing my coat tighter about me I hailed a bus that would take me in the direction of the city.

No need to go into details of this adventure. Again I got the "breaks." They took one article straight away with advice as to how I could improve the other two. With a check in my pocket, I joyfully made my way out on the streets again.

Did I hail a bus? No, I hailed one of those grain-elevator looking contraptions that boast from seven to fifteen horse power and snort and rattle their way through London's winding streets—a London taxi.

Arriving at the hotel, I found another surprise awaiting me. Dr. Jones of Bournemouth, that grand old Welshman I had met on the *Niagara*, had written me a letter asking me to visit him.

A first-class ticket to Bournemouth, a tip to the hotel boys, and I was off in a cloud of dust on a three-hour train journey.

I found Dr. Jones in an ivy-covered home on the brow of a hill. At his very front door was his church. It was easy to realize why he is known throughout the British Empire as one of England's great ministers. A great big-boned man with snow white hair, ruddy cheeks, twinkling blue eyes and a mustache, he was the soul of geniality.

I spent a delightful week touring about the countryside with his daughter who is as charming as her distinguished father. We visited the many historical spots around Bournemouth. Then my visit came to an end and it was time to return to London to sell those stories that meant my passage back to America.

CHAPTER XXIV

HEAVEN, HELL OR HOBOKEN

FLEURETTE came aboard at Cherbourg just as the sun was setting. Of course I did not know at the time that her name was Fleurette, or that we were to be such good friends. I simply picked her out as the prettiest girl in the crowd as I sat on deck watching the activities going on about me. From behind the concrete breakwater a submarine glided into view. Its conning tower, its gun mounted on the bow, and four solitary figures stood out in silhouette in the fast falling twilight.

"You are going home?" It was Fleurette who had come up and was standing beside me at the rail.

I was surprised that a French girl should ignore the conventions and speak to a stranger. But I suppose she thought my crutches were a good substitute for a chaperone.

"Yes, and you?" I replied.

"My first visit to America. For two years I studied in England, but I have never been to your country."

"Your time in England, then, accounts for your excellent English," I said.

"It is good of you to say so. And you—do you speak French?"

I began to side-step a bit. I said, "Yes, but from now on I'm going to use nothing but good old Anglo-Saxon. You see, I've been tutoring two youngsters in French for months, and I'm sort of homesick for my native tongue."

"Oh! You tutor French? You must be very good. Please talk to me in French."

I felt the buttons on my vest tighten as my chest expanded.

"Only in a moment of weakness or great stress will I speak in French," I warned her. "When you hear me use your language, you may know that something very serious has happened to me."

By this time, the submarine was well into the harbor and the last golden rays of the sun made its wet hull glisten. Just then the whistle gave a warning blast and the last tender filled with passengers from the quay cast off. The anchor was raised, making a noise that took me back to the night in Hong Kong harbor when the Chinaman had been hauled through the hawse-pipe. It made me shudder just a little and I remarked: "It's good to be alive."

Yet I wasn't so sure, for I knew I was to arrive in America practically penniless. While it was my own country I had no friends east of the Rocky Mountains. Moreover, it looked now as if I would not be able to get out and land a job as soon as I hit port. But I had made up my mind to make "Heaven, Hell or Hoboken."

In the stormy days that followed Fleurette was a high light in my life aboard ship! But my romance had its ups and downs, as when I meditated over the fact that my little friend was from fair Normandy only to be brought to the realization that she was going to make her home in Flatbush, Brooklyn! Fleurette and "Beau"—her flattering name for me—sounded like characters from a Victor Hugo novel. But I was cast into the depths again by realizing that our surnames were Smith and Walter! Yes, when I introduced her to one of the ship's officers I had to learn the worst. Thinking she was joking I begged her to make it Du Barry, Fania, or some such appropriate name. But she gaily explained to me that her mother's second marriage had been to a man named Smith.

How much nicer it would have been had her name been fitting to grace so fair a creature as she! Petite, dark-haired, brown-eyed and exquisite in detail, she

was the personification of all those charms which we think of as characteristic of the French.

Those happy restful moments that transpired the night we sailed from Cherbourg were about the only ones we were to enjoy before our arrival in New York.

It was March on the North Atlantic and the good ship *George Washington* had a harder time making it than the father of his country had crossing the Delaware. Up to this time, I had not seen very many people afflicted with that dire malady which is usually described by such phrases as "sick-headache," "just taking a rest," "a bad cold," "on a diet to reduce," and so on. But this voyage was to be a memorable one in this respect. There were about seventy-five first-class passengers. There were seventy-three bunks that were never completely made up. There were forty waiters—making twenty apiece for Fleurette and me. The members of the orchestra were still in the process of recovering from the effects of their stop-over in Bremen. In fact, in order to assure themselves of never quite recovering they had brought along four hampers—which when emptied at the end of the voyage floated dismally about New York Harbor. Meanwhile every girder in the ship seemed to cry out and doors banged

continually all over the ship. In the dead silence of the deserted lounge every sound was magnified.

The maximum turning turtle point was 44 degrees. I know that we often went 43½ at least.

It was both depressing and funny to see the orchestra playing to empty chairs. As the ship would roll way over on its side, the chairs would go reeling across the polished floor as though sympathizing with the orchestra and trying to do their best to show their appreciation. Then the ship would roll the other way, and back they would go, ending up with a terrific crash against the pillars and the davenports that surrounded the circle. Through all this, Fleurette and I would sit beneath the life-sized portrait of "The Father of His Country" and send up silent but fervent little prayers of thanks that the place was deserted.

"Your bath is ready, sir."

Sleepily I turned over and called out, "All right!"

It was a wonder that I had been asleep at all. For this morning I was arriving in Hoboken broke. I felt under my pillow. Yes, there it was—the well-worn purse. Sitting up in my bunk, I took it out and looked into it, dumping the contents into my hand. Two dimes and a quarter. Anyway you added it—

it made forty-five cents. I turned over a collar-button in hopes that a dime might have been lurking beneath it. I dismembered a bunch of rubber bands in hopes that a single copper might drop forth but it was with the same result—no such luck!

Bouncing out of bed, I hobbled into my bath, wondering meanwhile if the bath steward would be so solicitous if he knew he wasn't going to get the usual five dollars! I felt like hanging my head in shame, for the ship folk had all put themselves out to make me comfortable. Now all I could do was tell them goodbye with a smile.

After breakfast I went up on deck. We were lying in Quarantine. The doctor had just come aboard. America at last! The Mecca of America—Bagdad on the Subway—New York! Yet of all the six million population I did not know a soul. Never did the world look so bright, yet so black—the sun shone in a cloudless sky. Still far ahead of us New York lay hidden in an early morning mist. Trunks were piled high on the forward deck ready to be shot down to the customs.

Suddenly my reverie was again interrupted by Fleurette.

"*Bon jour, Beau.*"

Well, here was one bright spot in all the blackness.

Despite the gloomy outlook, I was cheered by the presence of my little French friend.

"I'm going to miss you," I told her. "You have made this trip happier than ever I expected it to be."

Inspection over, we slowly steamed up the harbor. At the end of seven long years of travel in every corner of the globe I was to come for the first time into New York.

You can appreciate the feeling of futility that swept over me only when you picture the impressive skyline of New York and the wealth it represented, and then think of me standing on the deck of the S.S. *George Washington* with less than half of one dollar in my pocket.

A sunken ship lay almost directly in our path, her masts and funnels gently lapped by the waves. She had gone down only the day before and the salvage crews were not yet at work. Here and there, a buoy floated to mark the danger zone. I could not help but think of the analogy between that ship and myself. We both had cruised the seven seas. Now we both were sunk! I wondered who was going to salvage me!

To our right lay Coney Island and further up was Ellis Island—*the* island—contrasts to be sure! There was no doubt as to which one would welcome me

with open arms. Of course, I suppose I could have eaten at Ellis Island, but it probably would have been a bit lonely for lack of people to talk English to!

When we docked, I bid Fleurette goodbye. Such a touching goodbye it was too! I maintained a stiff upper lip about being so broke. I was sorely tempted to ask her to loan me her fox fur. Not to wear, but to hock! It would have kept me in groceries for a long time!

In order to leave the docks, I had to get the approval of the customs official. This was easy. The only thing I had to declare was a flat purse and the officials didn't delay me much on that. The stewards, my room and the bath, who had carried my trunk off stood about waiting expectantly. After several remarks from them as to what a nice day it was, and after I had expressed the hope that they would find Bremen as they had left it, I finally had to tell them the worst. They took it rather well and then I took their addresses, promising to send them some money when I could.

You can imagine my embarrassment! I expected a plain clothes man to step up to me any time and tell me that they had room for me at the Tombs!

My plans were just a bit hazy, but when an American Express agent stepped up and kindly offered to

help me get a cab through the maze of people on the dock, I decided that I would be just as well off in a cab as where I was standing. I was loaded bag and baggage into my first New York taxi—perhaps it isn't fair to the New York taxis to say that for it was a Hoboken taxi—and the driver asked me where I was going. The only place I could think of was the Pennsylvania Hotel, so I directed him there, asking first how much the fare would be. The starter wrote me out a slip after counting my pieces of baggage and figuring where I was to go and with a curt "Six dollars! via 23rd St. Ferry" he slammed the door.

I sank back on the seat—for the plain and simple reason that I couldn't sit up. Six dollars! Just five dollars and fifty-five cents short! Also I had heard that these birds were gluttons for tips. What to do, what to do? En route into New York, I changed my plans just a bit and decided I should go first to the office of a well-known monthly magazine.

On my voyage across, I had not been idle, nor had my diversions with Fleurette taken my mind off the race! I had been at work on a story that I hoped to sell. Leaning forward in the cab as we left the ferry, I spoke to the cabby. "Drive to the office of such-and-such magazine."

"Where's dat?" came back in demi-English.

"On Park Avenue, I think," was all I could tell him.

Since he wasn't very amiable, it was with fear and trembling that I set out upon my tour of the city. Park Avenue was just a name to me and I had no idea whether I was telling him to go to Mars, or Philadelphia. After several tries at policemen, we finally located our destination, and I instructed my Jehu to wait outside.

"May I see someone in authority, please?" I hurriedly asked the girl at the reception desk.

"What do you want to see them about?" she asked me.

"I have a story for the editor that I am sure he will be interested in," said I boastfully.

So while the taximeter ticked merrily on downstairs I went through the hardest interview in my life. It was a long chance. If I made it, I could pay my taxi bill and go to a hotel. If I didn't—well, I didn't want to contemplate the prospect. How I ever expected to pay that waiting taxi with money which was to be forked over by someone who had never seen me before I have no idea. But I was desperate. Something had to be done, and I was trying my darnedest to do it about two hundred words a minute!

A young man came out and talked to me. Presently I was taken into an inner sanctum and presented to some of the powers that be. They, too, were interested. I began to think I was pretty good! An hour passed. Then I remembered the taxi!

"Really, you'll have to excuse me a minute—er—er—I have something very important waiting," I stammered as I got up and made a bee-line for the elevator. Descending to the street as quickly as possible I went out to find the driver still sitting there with $2.80 extra on his meter. That made eight-eighty! I hadn't expected to find him, but since he had stuck on the job I figured that I'd better go back and try to raise the ante.

This time, I didn't get any further than the corridor when I was advised to go to my hotel and work on an outline and bring it back Saturday morning at nine o'clock. This was Thursday; that meant three days. In the meantime, my forty-five cents was becoming less and less capable of coping with that taxi bill. Now I wondered what I should do—ask for an advance, or take the chance of charging my taxi bill to my account with the hotel? I decided to strike while the iron was hot, and ask for some money.

"Er—er—well, you see it's this way," I blushingly told the assistant editor, "I'm kind of short just now

and I should like very much to borrow some money. I expect some in a few days (I didn't know where it was to come from!). In case you don't like the story when I have finished with it, I can pay it back."

I waited with bated breath, for I knew I had made a very unusual request and I didn't want to have to go into a long and embarrassing explanation. My face was getting redder and redder. My school girl complexion was blazing in all its glory!

"How much do you need? Of course, your request is a bit unusual but we might manage a small advance."

I heaved a sigh of relief.

"Wait here just a minute," my interviewer continued.

Then there was a wait—a wait in which the minutes seemed like hours while I sat in a reception room alone and the taxi sat outside with my baggage! Eventually, my emissary returned, bringing me good news and what was better still a greenback! I could have let out a WHOOPEE for joy, for it was no less than a twenty dollar bill!

I hurried downstairs and climbed in with the patient, long-suffering taxi driver. En route to the Pennsylvania I got to thinking that after all twenty dollars and forty-five cents was not so terribly much

money. I had a plan. It might not work, but it was worth trying anyway. Pulling up to the 34th Street side of the Pennsylvania, the driver climbed out, nearly two and one-half hours after we had left Hoboken. Every time I looked at the meter I winced. It now read several dollars, which added to the original six made quite a sizable bill. Bellhops began to come out and carry in my well-worn luggage—a trunk, a hat-box (full of dressings for my leg), a suitcase, a handbag (full of instruments and medicines), and my little tiny portable Victrola. I was traveling in state anyway and the assistant manager who came out to greet me was duly impressed. The foreign labels obscured the well-worn corners and the bursting ends of my imposing array of baggage. I hurriedly shoved into place a whisk broom which was oozing out of the end of the suitcase, and otherwise made things look as shipshape as possible.

"Of course it will be all right for me to charge the taxi bill," I said carelessly to the assistant manager. I added, "I haven't any change with me now."

"Of course, of course!" he assured me.

"Just give the driver a dollar," I went on nonchalantly.

And of course, after this grand gesture, I could do no less than take a good room.

For the three following days and nights, I neglected the sights of New York and attended to my knitting; namely, turning out the article which I had talked an editor into buying sight unseen. Saturday morning bright and early found me sitting in the cold publishing office waiting for someone beside the janitor to get there.

I left an hour later. In my hand I clutched a thin, white piece of paper with "Pay to the order of" in script across the front of it. I had enough to pay my bill. I never felt better in my life!

Five days later I arrived in Seattle. Heaven at last! In a few days I would be twenty-one. The end of a forty-five thousand mile trip on crutches had finally come. I had worked my way alone—every mile. I had circumnavigated the globe on one leg. Best of all, I had arrived back in Seattle with sixteen whole dollars—one dollar more than I had left with!

CHAPTER XXV

EPILOGUE

"IT'S bad psychology to go into a man's office on crutches looking for a job." It was Christy Thomas, general manager of Seattle's Chamber of Commerce, speaking.

"But, Mr. Thomas, I have to eat and I can't eat unless I work," I protested.

Just then the door opened and the chief accountant entered.

"Have we got anything around here for this young man to do?" Mr. Thomas asked her.

"We don't need anyone just now," she replied doubtfully, "but in two weeks perhaps we could use him. All he will have to know is typing, bookkeeping, filing, and of course he will have to be an expert accountant!"

Mr. Thomas turned to me and with a perfectly serious face said, "Think you can fill the bill?"

Hesitating a moment before I spoke, I said, "I have two weeks to brush up, haven't I?"

Mr. Thomas smiled.

"We'll start you with the filing," he told me. "You can pick up the other things as you go along. Guess you'd better begin today. You've probably used up ten pounds looking for a job already."

And so my long hunt for a job was at an end. For weeks I had searched all over Seattle before finally ending up at the Chamber of Commerce. Mr. Thomas was right, it is bad psychology to try and get a job while you are on crutches. Employers like to feel that the help will at least be able to get out in case of fire! Can't say I blame them either.

All summer long and far into the fall, I worked from nine to five—my first job in two and a half years. (My tutoring couldn't really be called a job. It was a position!) During all this time I was trying to make a decision. Should I go East to New York with the book I had been pegging away on, or should I stay in Seattle and take an opportunity offered me to attend the University of Washington? This opportunity was a teaching fellowship in psychology. Nearly all my friends recommended the latter course. But the job offered only thirty dollars a month, and tuition for the classes I attended. I couldn't live on this and buy gauze bandages for my leg. If I remained in Seattle, I would have to find a job to supplement my salary.

Professor Stevenson-Smith, head of the psychology department at the University of Washington, was sincerely interested in having me take this job. But being a practical minded man, he also offered to find me the supplementary job; so now I had no excuse.

But I couldn't give up my dream of a book. I wanted desperately to try my hand at recording the things that had happened to me between my fourteenth and twenty-first years. Indeed, from the time I left Australia I had planned and thought of this book. Being thousands of dollars in debt as a result of my long illness I had kept my thoughts to myself.

Now I talked it over with "Torchy" Torrance, a go-getter friend of mine. He advised me to break away, go to New York, and try my luck. This one affirmative voice in the midst of a solid chorus of "nays" was the one to which I listened. Because it told me to do what I wanted to!

"You will have to count me out if your plans fall through," an old friend of mine told me. "You should stay here where you are known and plug away at a certainty instead of going off on a tangent."

This tart speech voiced the sentiments of all my friends except "Torchy." But I enjoyed going off on tangents!

EPILOGUE

One morning in the late fall, as I climbed Columbia Street from Second Avenue to the Chamber of Commerce building, I paused for breath. Leaning against the iron rail that surrounds the building, I looked toward the West. Below me were the Admiral Line Docks. Eliot Bay was filled with ships. Across the Sound, the glorious Olympics stood out in bold relief. Mountains that were still a challenge, for many of them had not even been named. I longed for two feet that I might climb them.

I was just about to turn and go into the Chamber of Commerce building when a ship in the harbor let out three long blasts on her whistle. A farewell! The wanderlust gripped me again and once more I decided to risk everything on a single throw of the dice. The red funnels of the Tacoma boat were disappearing around Alki Point. The *H. F. Alexander* was majestically coming into her berth. The scene fascinated me. I had been in Seattle four months. It was time I was getting on. I could not rest until I knew whether or not my book was to be a reality. Earl Derr Biggers had told me that I should try lecturing. I wanted to see if he were right.

These reasons seemed to me irrefutable. The die was cast. I would take what hard-earned money I

had saved from the garnisheements of my creditors and go East on the chance that I could find a lecture manager and a publisher for my book. Outside of these small details I had no immediate ambitions.

The arrogance and cockiness of youth—I had been told—often led to drastic mistakes. But in my trip around the world I had always had the "breaks." Why shouldn't they continue, I asked myself.

Into my desk I went with fire in my eye and a resolution in my heart that nothing could stop now. By chance, "Torchy" happened to be there and I told him I was off in a cloud of dust! My only regret was that I couldn't go on foot or on a boat.

By George! I *could* go on a boat! The boat that had taken me to meet the ship bound for Honolulu a year and a half before, was still running. I would kill two birds with one stone. I could start on a boat, then go East via the Canadian Pacific, stopping at Lake Louise and Banff. All over the world my eulogies of the Pacific Northwest, the Grand Canyon, the Yellowstone and so on, had been met by Englishmen remarking, "Have you ever seen the Canadian Rockies?"

When I replied in the negative, I would always be told: "Well, you haven't seen anything in the way of mountain scenery yet!"

EPILOGUE

Arriving in Vancouver three days and seven hours after I had climbed the hill in Seattle and looked back, I found myself given a warm welcome by my good friend, Walt Roberts, and his family. During three hectic days I had thrown up my job, dismissed any thought of accepting the psychology fellowship, and prepared as best I could for the fast moving events that were to follow.

"In view of the very strenuous undertakings you are contemplating, for the two days you are to be here you shall do nothing but rest," said Walt after hearing of my New York plans. So for two days I did just that. Together we went down to the train which was to take me from the West for better or worse. If I put across the things I had in mind, *and the book was a success*, I should be able to pay my debts, get an artificial foot, and be literally as well as figuratively on my feet again! If I failed! Well, that was a bit too awful to contemplate.

At ten o'clock the next night, I climbed down from the Imperial Limited into the icy snows of Lake Louise. It was too early for the Christmas sports and long past the summer season, so I found the Château deserted. At a tiny lodge, I got accommodation for the night and the next morning before sunrise, I went to the shore of that gem of waters—

Lake Louise. As the sun's rays first came into view on the mountain tops I began to think that the Britishers are right. By the time the sun had risen in all its glory I was sure they are. At the far end of the lake, facing me, Victoria Glacier clung tenaciously to the crags beneath it.

Soon the cold penetrated my thin clothing and I turned toward the lodge for breakfast.

Later in the day, I drove to Banff and then up the valley of the Ten Peaks to Moraine Lake. My only companion was an old mountaineer from Sweden by the name of Swanson. The road was narrow, and in places the drop took my breath away as the car slid on the frozen snow to the very edge of the chasm.

Suddenly, not a hundred yards away, a red blot broke the glaring whiteness of the snow. We drew alongside—for whatever it was lay on the edge of the road—and stopped. A fox lay bleeding to death, its throat torn open.

"A cougar's work!" exclaimed Swanson.

"It couldn't have happened more than a minute or so ago for the poor fellow is still breathing," I replied.

"I'd like to have a rifle right now," said Swanson. "There's a bounty on mountain lions."

We scanned the mountainside and on getting out

to look around found the unmistakable footprint of the timber lion. But nowhere did we see the old fellow himself. It wasn't to be expected that we should, for timber lions are shy and come into timber during the winter only when food is scarce.

We couldn't help feeling sorry for the fox that had been so mutilated. As we drove on I told Swanson of the three years I had spent in the Olympic Mountains, and of the summer we tracked and killed two cougars. My brother and I had gone with our temporary guardian, Sergeant Montair, in the wake of two splendid Airedale dogs.

Montair was a retired top sergeant who had served thirty-two years in the United States Marine Corps. My brothers and I used to spend our summers camping with him in the mountains around Seattle. I've always counted the training I got under him as one of the luckiest breaks of my life.

Soon Swanson and I arrived at Moraine Lake. Never had I gazed upon such wild grandeur. When we first arrived wisps of clouds were being whipped about the summits and down the valleys of the Ten Peaks. The windswept glaciers were blue and green by turns. Further and further from the sheltering protection of the car I wandered. As my crutches slipped on the ice I had to go carefully. There was

no snow except in the air, for the wind kept the ground and ice swept clean.

With a feeling of exhilaration, I leaned against the wind—a human tripod making my way toward the tremendous pile of terminal moraine from which the lake got its name. The wind increased in velocity. I turned; far in the distance I could see Swanson wildly gesticulating and motioning to me to return. Momentarily balancing myself without the use of one crutch, I waved a farewell to him and, turning, continued on my way. Soon he was lost from sight and I felt alone and happy.

Suddenly—faster than I can tell it, I lost my balance and was struck by a gust of wind and snow that temporarily blinded me and bowled me off my feet. I felt myself going down, down, down. Sliding it seemed through all space. Then I began to laugh for my trousers felt as though they were catching on fire. At that moment, I hit the bottom of the grade down which I had been precipitated. I knew that I was safe and that all I had to do was to climb back up!

Have you ever tried to climb a slippery snow bank on one foot with a tender leg and a pair of crutches as excess baggage? Then you have no idea what sport I encountered. Eventually, I made the car

and found Swanson gone. After what seemed an interminable wait, he, too, came out of the blizzard and climbed in alongside of me. He had gone to look for me and in the storm we must have passed one another. When he reached a point from which he knew that I could not have gone on, he had turned and retraced his steps. We started back at a snail's pace along the narrow winding road over which we had come. When I left Banff that night, bound for Chicago, and then New York, I felt that I should always remember the valley of the Ten Peaks. And not just because of the scenery either!

On arriving in New York, I started to make the round of lecture managers' and publishers' offices.

"Sit down. What can I do for you?"

It was an executive of one of America's oldest publishing houses speaking. Sitting on the edge of my chair, I told him my story. Interruptions were frequent—the telephone would ring, someone would dash in with papers and place them on his desk, his secretary would say, "Mr. Blank to see you." Then a question or two would set me further out on the edge of my chair.

After the most hectic interview I had ever had in my life, my book was accepted! It was just fifty

minutes from the time I settled in my chair until I left. Then I thought that getting a book accepted was the biggest part of it all; but I was soon to learn that this was trivial as compared with the writing of it.

One down! and only two more jumps to the goal! Now all I had to do was find a lecture manager.

High up in the Times Building, overlooking the Cross-Roads of the World—Seventh Avenue and Broadway—I found a very busy man. His frank open countenance at once appealed to me. We talked for three solid hours. I was determined to stay until I got this lecture manager to say that he would like nothing better than to manage me! As at the publishers', we were interrupted scores of times; but I eventually got my story off my chest. As in the case of the publishers, I left that office with William B. Feakins, Inc., Lecture Managers, behind me!

Mr. Feakins got me several lecture engagements right away. This was fortunate, for I was down to rock bottom again.

The first money I drew went on getting that long looked-for artificial foot. Night after night—tired from long hours spent over my book—found me walking the length of my room in arduous practice.

The pain was excruciating, but the satisfaction of knowing that I was learning to walk after nearly three years of crutches, carried me over this obstacle. Finally I got it! Down went the crutches and I found myself joyfully ambling along with only a cane for support.

WHOOPEE!

Perhaps I rejoiced too soon. Perhaps I had rushed it. In any event my infection flared up again—this time above my knee—and it was necessary to have operation Number Twenty! Wrapped up in one of my best suits of pajamas, the foot that *is* to make me walk and dance, lies in a chiffonier drawer. Filed for future reference! It beat me this time.

But I'll make it yet!

THE END.

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